POEMS.

By

THOMAS CAREVV

Esquire.

One of the Gentlemen of the Privie-Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to His Majesty.

The second Edition revised and enlarged.

LONDON,

Printed by *I. D.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at the signe of the flying Horse, betweene *Brittains Burse*, and Yorke-House.

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82:1
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POEMS.

The Spring.

NOW that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the graſſe, or casts an ycie creame
Vpon the silver Lake, or Chrystal streame:
But the warme Sunne thawes the benummed Earth,
And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
To the dead Swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsie Cuckow, and the Humble-Bee,
Now doe a quire of chirping Minstrels bring
In tryumph to the world, the youthfull Spring.
The Vallies, hills, and woods, in rich aray,
Welcome the comming of the long'd for May.
Now all things smile; only my *Love* doth lowre:
Nor hath the scalding Noon-day-Sunne the power
To melt that marble yce, which still doth hold
Her heart congeald, and makes her pitty cold.

The Oxe which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lye
In open fields, and love no more is made
By the fire side, but in the cooler shade.
Amyntas now doth with his *Cloris* sleepe
Vnder a Sycamoure, and all things keepe
Time with the season, only she doth carry
Iune in her eyes, in her heart *Ianuary*.

To A. L.

Perſwaſions to love.

THinke not, cauſe men flatt'ring ſay,
Y'are freſh as Aprill, ſweet as May.
Bright as is the morning ſtarre,
That you are ſo; or though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deeme
All men unworthy your eſteeme.
For being ſo, you looſe the pleaſure
Of being faire, ſince that rich treaſure
Of rare beauty, and ſweet feature,
Was beſtow'd on you by nature
To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a ſinne,
There to be ſcarce, where ſhee hath beene
So prodigall of her beſt graces;
Thus common beauties, and meane faces
Shall have more paſtime, and enjoy
The ſport you looſe, by being coy.
Did the thing for which I ſue
Onely concerne my ſelfe, not you,

Were men so fram'd as they alone
Reap'd all the pleasure, women none,
Then had you reason to be scant;
But 'twere a madnesse not to grant
That which affords (if you consent)
To you the giver, more content
Then me the beggar; Oh then be
Kind to your selfe if not to mee;
Starve not your selfe, because you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will faile,
Beautie's sweet, but beautie's fraile;
Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done
Then Summers raine, or winters Sun;
Most fleeting when it is most deare,
'Tis gone while wee but say 'tis here.
These curious locks so aptly twind,
Whose every haire a soule doth bind,
Will change their abrown hue, and grow
White, and cold as winters snow.
That eye which now is Cupids net,
Will prove his grave, and all the jett

Will follow; in the cheeke, chin, nose,
Nor lilly shall be found, nor rose.
And what will then become of all
Those, whom now you servants call?
Like swallowes when your summers done,
They'le fly and seeke some warmer Sun.
Then wisely chuse one to your friend,
Whose love may (when your beauties end)
Remaine still firme: be provident
And thinke before the summers spent
Of following winter; like the Ant
In plenty hoord for time of scant.
Cull out amongst the multitude
Of Lovers, that seeke to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day.
One that will quench your youthfull fires,
And feed in age your hot desires,
For when the stormes of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheeke which was belov'd,
When a faire Ladies face is pin'd,
And yellow spred, where red once shin'd,
When beauty youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may returne, but Lover never.

And old folkes say there are no paines
Like itch of love in aged vaines.
Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not loose this present minute:
For time and age will worke that wrack,
Which time or age shall ne're call backe.
The snake each yeare fresh skin resumes,
And Eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded Rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second *May*.
Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you dayes for sport doe reason;
Spend not in vaine your lives short houre,
But crop in time your beauties flower:
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud, and fade; both blow, and wither.

Lips

Lips and Eyes.

IN *Celia's* face a queſtion did ariſe
Which were more beautifull, her lips or eyes:
Wee (ſaid the eyes) ſend forth thoſe poynted darts
Which pierce the hardeſt adamantine hearts.
From us (replyde the lips,) proceed thoſe bliſſes,
Which Lovers reape by kind words, and ſweet kiſſes.
Then wept the eyes, and from their ſprings did powre
Of liquid orientall pearle a ſhower.
Whereat the lips mov'd with delight and pleaſure,
Through a ſweet ſmile unlockt their pearlie treaſure.
And bad love judge, whether did adde more grace,
Weeping, or ſmiling, pearles in *Celia's* face.

A divine Mistris.

IN natures peeces still I see
Some errour, that might mended be;
Something my wish could still remove,
Alter or adde; but my faire Love
Was fram'd by hands farre more divine;
For shee hath every beauteous line;
Yet I had beene farre happier,
Had nature that made mee, made her;
Then likenesse, might (that love creates)
Have made her love what now she hates:
Yet I confesse I cannot spare,
From her just shape the smallest haire;
Nor need I begge from all the store
Of heaven, for her one beauty more:
Shee hath too much divinity for me,
You gods teach her some more humanity.

SONG.

A beautifull Mistris.

If when the Sunne at noone displayes
His brighter rayes,
Thou but appeare,
He then all pale with shame and feare,
Quencheth his light,
Hides his darke brow, flyes from thy sight,
And growes more dimme
Compar'd to thee, then starres to him.
If thou but shew thy face againe,
When darknesse doth at midnight raigne,
The darknesse flyes, and light is hurl'd
Round about the silent world;
So as alike thou driu'st away,
Both light and darknesse, night and day!

A cruell Mistris.

WEE read of Kings, and Gods, that kindly tooke,
A pitcher fild with water from the Brooke;
But I have daily tendred without thankes
Rivers of teares that over-flow their bankes,
A slaughter'd Bull will appease angry *Iove*,
A Horse the Sun, a Lambe the God of love,
But she disdaines the spotlesse sacrifice
Of a pure heart, that at her altar lyes.
Vesta is not displeas'd if her chast urne
Doe with repayred fuell euer burne;
But my Saint frownes, though to her honour'd name
I consecrate a never dying flame.
Th' Assyrian King did none i'th' furnace throw,
But those that to his Image did not bow;
With bended knees I daily worship her,
Yet she consumes her owne Idolater.
Of such a Goddesse no times leave record,
That burnt the Temple, where she was ador'd.

SONG.

Murdring Beauty.

Ile gaze no more on her bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there in every place:
For my enchanted ſoule alike ſhe drowns
With calmes and tempeſts of her ſmiles and frowns,
Ile love no more thoſe cruell eyes of hers,
Which pleas'd, or anger'd ſtill, are Murderers:
For if ſhee dart (like lightning) through the ayre
Her beames of wrath, ſhee kils me with deſpaire.
If ſhe behold mee with a pleaſing eye,
I ſurfet with exceſſe of joy, and dye.

My

My mistris commanding me to returne her letters.

SO grieves th'adventrous Merchant, when he throwes
All the long toyld for treasure his ship stowes,
Into the angry maine, to save from wrack
Himselfe and men; as I grieve to give back
These letters: yet so powerfull is your sway,
As if you bid me die, I must obey. . .
Goe then blest papers, you shall kisse those hands
That gave you freedome, but hold me in bands,
Which with a touch did give you life, but I
Because I may not touch those hands, must die,
Me thinkes, as if they knew they should be sent
Home to their native soile from banishment,
I see them smile, like dying Saints, that know
They are to leave the earth, and tow'rd heaven goe,
When you returne, pray tell your Soveraigne,
And mine, I gave you courteous entertaine;
Each line receiv'd a teare, and then a kisse,
First bath'd in that, it scap'd unscorcht from this:
I kist it, because your hand had beene there,
But 'cause it was not now, I shed a teare,

Tell

Tell her no length of time, nor change of ayre,
No cruelty, diſdaine, abſence, diſpaire;
No nor her ſtedfaſt conſtancie can deterre,
My vaſſall heart from ever hon'ring her.
Though theſe bee powerfull arguments to prove
I love in vaine; yet I muſt ever love;
Say, if ſhe frowne when you that word rehearſe,
Service in proſe, is oft call'd love in verſe:
Then pray her, ſince I ſend back on my part
Her papers, ſhe will ſend me back my heart.
If ſhee refuſe, warne her to come before
The God of Love, whom thus I will implore.
Trav'ling thy Countries road (*great God*) I ſpide
By chance this Lady, and walkt by her ſide
From place to place, fearing no violence,
For I was well arm'd, and had made defence
In former fights, 'gainſt fiercer foes, then ſhee,
Did at our firſt incounter ſeeme to be.
But going farther, every ſtep reveal'd
Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.
Seeing thoſe outward armes, I did beginne
To feare, ſome greater ſtrength was lodg'd within,
Looking into her mind, I might ſurvay
An hoaſt of beauties that in ambuſh lay;

And won the day before they fought the field;
For I unable to reſiſt, did yeeld.
But the inſulting tyrant ſo deſtroyes
My conquer'd mind, my eaſe, my peace, my joyes;
Breaks my ſweet ſleeps, invades my harmleſſe reſt,
Robs mee of all the treaſure of my breſt;
Spares not my heart, nor yet a greater wrong;
For having ſtolne my heart, ſhe binds my tongue.
But at the laſt her melting eyes unſeal'd,
My lips, enlarg'd, my tongue, then I reveal'd
To her owne eares the ſtory of my harmes
Wrought by her vertues, and her beauties charmes;
Now heare (Iuſt Iudge) an act of ſavageneſſe,
When I complaine in hope to find redreſſe,
She bends her angry brow, and from her eye,
Shoots thouſand darts, I then well hop'd to die,
But in ſuch ſoveraigne balme, love dips his ſhot,
That though they wound a heart, they kill it not;
Shee ſaw the blood guſh forth from many a wound,
Yet fled, and left mee bleeding on the ground,
Nor ſought my cure, nor ſaw me ſince; 'tis true
Abſence, and time, (two cunning Leeches) drew
The fleſh together, yet ſure though the skin
Be cloſ'd without, the wound feſters within.

Thus hath this cruell Lady; us'd a true
Servant, and subject to her selfe, and you.
Nor know I (great Love) if my life be lent
To shew thy mercy, or my punishment;
Since by the onely Magick of thy Art
A Lover still may live that wants his heart.
If this enditement fright her, so as shee
Seeme willing to returne my heart to mee,
But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,
Mongst other trifling hearts, be out oth' way)
If shee repent, and would make me amends
Bid her but send mee hers, and wee are friends.

Secresie protested.

FEare not (deare Love) that Ile reveale
Those houres of pleasure we two steale;
No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun
Descry, what thou and I have done,
No eare shall heare our love, but wee
Silent as the night will be.
The God of love himselfe (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
Shall never know, that we can tell.
What sweets in stolne embraces dwell.
This only meanes may find it out,
If when I dye, Physicians doubt
What caus'd my death, and there to view
Of all their judgements which was true,
Rip up my heart, O then I feare
The world will see thy picture there.

A prayer to the Wind.

GOe thou gentle whiſpering wind,
Beare this ſigh; and if thou find
VVhere my cruell faire doth reſt,
Caſt it in her ſnowie breſt,
So, enflam'd by my deſire,
It may ſet her heart a-fire.
Thoſe ſweet kiſſes thou ſhalt gaine,
VVill reward thee for thy paine:
Boldly light upon her lip,
There ſuck odours, and thence skip
To her boſome; laſtly fall
Downe, and wander over all:
Range about thoſe Ivorie hills,
From whoſe every part diſtils
Amber dew; there ſpices grow,
There pure ſtreames of Nectar flow;
There perfume thy ſelfe, and bring
All thoſe ſweets upon thy wing:
As thou return'ſt, change by thy power,
Every weed into a flower;

Turne each Thiſtle to a Vine,
Make the Bramble Eglantine.
For ſo rich a bootie made,
Doe but this, and I am paid.
Thou canſt with thy powerfull blaſt,
Heat apace, and coole as faſt:
Thou caſt kindle hidden flame,
And ag'en deſtroy the ſame;
Then for pitty, either ſtir
Vp the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may ſhine,
Or elſe quite extinguiſh mine.

Mediocritie

Mediocrity in love rejected.

SONG.

GIve me more love, or more disdaine
The Torrid, or the frozen Zone;
Bring equall ease unto my paine;
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreame, of love, or hate,
Is sweeter than a calme estate.

Give me a storme; if it be love
Like Danaë in that golden showre
I swimme in pleasure; if it prove
Disdaine, that Torrent will devoure
My Vulture-hopes; and he's possest
Of Heaven, that's but from Hell releast;
Then crowne my joyes, or cure my paine;
Give me more love, or more disdaine.

Good counsel to a young Maid.

SONG.

Gaze not on thy beauties pride,
Tender Maid, in the false tide,
That from Lovers eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithfull Chrystall show,
How thy colours come, and goe,
Beautie takes a soyle from woe.

Love, that in those smooth streames lyes,
Vnder pitties faire disguise,
Will thy melting heart surprize.

Nets, of passion finest thred,
Snaring Poems, will be spred,
All, to catch thy maiden-head.

Then beware, for those that cure
Loves disease, themselves endure
For reward a Calenture.

Rather let the Lover pine,
Then his pale cheeke, should assigne
A perpetuall blush to thine.

To my Mistris sitting by a Rivers side.

AN EDDY.

MArke how yond Eddy steales away,
From the rude streame into the Bay,
There lockt up safe, she doth divorce
Her waters from the channels course,
And scornes the Torrent, that did bring
Her headlong from her native spring.
Now doth she with her new love play,
Whilst hee runs murmuring away,
Marke how shee courts the bankes, whilst they
As amorously their armes display,
T'embrace, and clip her silver waves:
See how shee strokes their sides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
VVhereat shee frownes, threatning to fly
Home to her streame, and 'gins to swim
Backward, but from the chanels brim,
Smiling, returnes into the creeke,
VVith thousand dimples on her cheeke,

Be thou this Eddy, and I'le make
My breaſt thy ſhore, where thou ſhalt take
Secure repoſe, and never dreame
Of the quite forſaken ſtreame:
Let him to the wide Ocean haſte,
There loſe his colour, name, and taſt;
Thou ſhalt ſave all, and ſafe from him,
Within theſe armes for ever ſwim.

SONG.

Conqueſt by flight.

Ladies, fly from Love's ſmooth tale,
Oathes ſteep'd in teares do oft prevaile;
Griefe is infectious, and the ayre
Enflam'd with ſighes, will blaſt the fayre:
Then ſtop your eares, when Lovers cry,
Leſt your ſelfe weepe, when no ſoft eye,
Shall with a ſorrowing teare repay
That pitty which you caſt away.

Young men fly, when beauty darts,
Amorous glances at your hearts:
The fixt marke gives the ſhooter ayme;
And Ladies lookes have power to mayme;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a ſmile, or kiſſe, Love lyes;
Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

SONG.

To my inconstant Mistris.

WHen thou, poore excommunicate
From all the joyes of love, shalt see
The full reward, and glorious fate,
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine owne inconstancy.

A fayre hand then thine, shall cure
That heart, which thy false oathes did wound;
And to my soule, a soule more pure
Then thine, shall by Loves hand be bound,
And both with equall glory crown'd.

Then shalt thou weepe, entreat, complaine
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy teares shall be as vaine
As mine were then, for thou shalt bee
Damn'd for thy false Apostasie.

Song

SONG.

Perſwaſions to enjoy.

IF the quick ſpirits in your eye
Now languiſh, and anon muſt dye;
If every ſweet, and every grace,
Muſt fly from that forſaken face:
Then (Celia) let us reape our joyes,
E're time ſuch goodly fruit deſtroyes.

Or, if that golden fleece muſt grow
For ever, free from aged ſnow:
If thoſe bright Suns muſt know no ſhade,
Nor your freſh beauties ever fade;
Then feare not (Celia) to beſtow,
What ſtill being gather'd, ſtill muſt grow.
Thus, either Time *his Sickle brings*
In vaine, or elſe in vaine his wings.

A depoſition from love.

I Was foretold, your rebell ſex,
Nor love, nor pitty knew;
And with what ſcorne, you uſe to vex
Poore hearts, that humbly ſue;
Yet I believ'd, to crowne our paine,
Could we the fortreſſe win,
The happy Lover ſure ſhould gaine,
A Paradiſe within:
I thought Loves plagues, like Dragons ſate,
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy,
What happy Lovers prove;
For I could kiſſe, and ſport, and toy,
And taſte thoſe ſweets of love;
Which had they but a laſting ſtate,
Or if in *Celia's* breſt,
The force of love might not abate;
Iove were too meane a gueſt.
But now her breach of faith, farre more
Afflicts, then did her ſcorne before,

Hard fate! to have beene once poſſeſt
As victor, of a heart,
Atchiev'd with labour, and unreſt,
And then forc'd to depart.
If the ſtout Foe will not reſigne,
When I beſiege a Towne,
I loſe, but what was never mine;
But he that is caſt downe
From enjoy'd beauty, feeles a woe,
Onely depoſed Kings can know.

Ingratefull

Ingratefull beauty threatned.

KNow Celia, (ſince thou art ſo proud,)
Twas I that gave thee thy renowne:
Thou hadſt, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknowne,
Had not my verſe exhal'd thy name,
And with it, ympt the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voyce, and eyes:
Thy ſweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my ſtarre, ſhin'ſt in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed ſphere
Lightning on him, that fixt thee there.

Tempt me with ſuch affrights no more,
Leſt what I made, I uncreate;
Let fooles thy myſtique formes adore,
Ile know thee in thy mortall ſtate:
Wiſe Poets that wrap't Truth in tales,
Knew her themſelves through all her vailes.

Disdaine

Disdaine returned.

HEe that loves a Roſie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or from ſtar-like eyes doth ſeeke,
Fuell to maintaine his fires;
As old Time makes theſe decay,
So his flames muſt waſte away.

But a ſmooth, and ſtedfaſt mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calme deſires,
Hearts, with equall love combind,
Kindle never dying fires.
Where theſe are not, I deſpiſe
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No teares, Celia, now ſhall win,
My reſolv'd heart, to returne;
I have ſearcht thy ſoule within,
And find nought, but pride, and ſcorne;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can diſdaine as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge convey,
That love to her, I caſt away.

A Looking-glaſſe.

THat flattring Glaſſe, whoſe ſmooth face weares
Your ſhadow, which a Sunne appeares,
Was once a river of my teares.

About your cold heart, they did make
A circle, where the brinie lake
Congeal'd, into a cryſtall cake.

Gaze no more on that killing eye,
For feare the native cruelty
Doome you, as it doth all, to dye.

For feare leſt the faire object move,
Your froward heart to fall in love,
Then you your ſelfe my rivall prove.

Looke rather on my pale cheeks pin'd,
There view your beauties, there you'le find
A faire face, but a cruell mind.

Be not for ever frozen, coy;
One beame of love, will ſoone deſtroy,
And melt that yce, to flouds of joy.

An Elegie on the La: PEN: sent to my Miſtreſſe out of France.

LEt him, who from his tyrant Miſtreſſe, did
This day receive his cruell doome, forbid
His eyes to weepe that loſſe, and let him here
Open thoſe floud-gates, to bedeaw this beere;
So ſhall thoſe drops, which elſe would be but brine,
Be turn'd to Manna, falling on her ſhrine.
Let him, who baniſht farre from her deare ſight,
Whom his ſoule loves, doth in that abſence write,
Or lines of paſſion, or ſome powerfull charmes,
To vent his owne griefe, or unlock her armes;
Take off his pen, and in ſad verſe bemone
This generall ſorrow, and forget his owne;
So may thoſe Verſes live, which elſe muſt dye;
For though the Muſes give eternity,
When they embalme with verſe, yet ſhe could give
Life unto that Muſe, by which others live.
Oh pardon me (faire ſoule) that boldly have
Dropt, though but one teare, on thy ſilent grave.

And writ on that earth, which ſuch honour had.
To cloath that fleſh, wherein thy ſelfe was clad.
And pardon me (ſweet Saint) whom I adore,
That I this tribute pay, out of the ſtore
Of lines, and teares, that's only due to thee;
Oh, doe not thinke it new Idolatry;
Though you are only ſoveraigne of this Land,
Yet univerſall loſſes may command
A ſubſidie from every private eye,
And preſſe each pen to write, ſo to ſupply,
And feed the common griefe; if this excuſe
Prevaile not, take theſe teares to your owne uſe,
As ſhed for you; for when I ſaw her dye,
I then did thinke on your mortality;
For ſince nor vertue, will, nor beauty, could
Preſerve from Death's hand, this their heavenly mould.
Where they were framed all, and where they dwelt,
I then knew you muſt dye too, and did melt
Into theſe teares: but thinking on that day,
And when the gods reſolv'd to take away
A Saint from us, I that did know what dearth
There was of ſuch good ſoules upon the earth,
Began to feare leſt Death, their Officer,
Might have miſtooke, and taken thee for her;

So

So had'ſt thou rob'd us of that happineſſe
Which ſhe in heaven, and I in thee poſſeſſe?
But what can heaven to her glory adde?
The prayſes ſhe hath dead, living ſhe had,
To ſay ſhe's now an Angell, is no more
Praiſe then ſhe had, for ſhee was one before;
Which of the Saints can ſhew more votaries
Then ſhee had here? even thoſe that did deſpiſe
The Angels, and may her now ſhe is one,
Did whilſt ſhe liv'd with pure devotion
Adore, and worſhip her; her vertues had
All honour here, for this world was too bad
To hate, or envy her; theſe cannot riſe
So high, as to repine at Deities:
But now ſhe's 'mongſt her fellow Saints, they may
Be good enough to envy her, this way
There's loſſe i'th' change 'twixt heav'n and earth, if ſhe
Should leave her ſervants here below, to be
Hated of her competitors above;
But ſure her matchleſſe goodneſſe needs muſt move
Thoſe bleſt ſoules to admire her excellence;
By this meanes only can her journey hence
To heaven prove gaine, if as ſhe was but here,
Worſhipt by men, ſhe be by Angels there.

But I must weepe no more over this urne,
My teares to their owne chanell must returne;
And having ended these sad obsequies,
My Muse must back to her old exercise,
To tell the story of my martyrdome:
But, oh thou Idoll of my soule, become
Once pittiful, that she may change her stile,
Dry up her blubbred eyes, and learne to smile.
Rest then blest soule; for as ghosts fly away,
When the shrill Cock proclaimes the infant-day,
So must I hence, for loe I see from farre,
The minions of the Muses comming are,
Each of them bringing to thy sacred Herse,
In either eye a teare, each hand a Verse,

To my Miſtris in abſence.

THough I muſt live here, and by force
Of your command ſuffer divorce;
Though I am parted, yet my mind,
(That's more my ſelfe) ſtill ſtayes behind;
I breath in you, you keepe my heart;
'Twas but a carkaſſe that did part.
Then though our bodies are diſ-joynd,
As things that are to place confin'd;
Yet let our boundleſſe ſpirits meet,
And in loves ſpheare each other greet;
There let us worke a myſtique wreath,
Vnknowne unto the world beneath;
There let our claſpt loves ſweetly twin;
There let our ſecret thoughts unſeen,
Like nets beweav'd, and inter-twin'd,
Wherewith wee'le catch each others mind:
There whilſt our ſouls doe ſit and kiſſe,
Taſting a ſweet, and ſubtle bliſſe,
(Such as groſſe lovers cannot know,
Whoſe hands, and lips, meet here below;)

Let us looke downe, and marke what paine
Our abſent bodies here ſuſtaine,
And ſmile to ſee how farre away
The one, doth from the other ſtray;
Yet burne, and languiſh with deſire
To joyne, and quench their mutuall fire,
There let us joy to ſee from farre,
Our emulous flames at loving warre,
Whilſt both with equall luſter ſhine,
Mine bright as yours, yours bright as mine.
There ſeated in thoſe heavenly bowers,
Weele cheat the lag, and lingring houres,
Making our bitter abſence ſweet,
Till ſoules, and bodies both, may meet.

To

To her in abſence.

A SHIP.

TOſt in in a troubled ſea of griefes, I floate
Farre from the ſhore, in a ſtorme-beaten boat,
Where my ſad thoughts doe (like the compaſſe) ſhow
The ſeverall points from which croſſe winds do blow.
My heart doth like the needle toucht with love
Still fixt on you, point which way I would move.
You are the bright Pole-ſtarre, which in the darke
Of this long abſence, guides my wandring barke.
Love is the Pilot, but ore-come with feare
Of your diſpleaſure, dares not home-wards ſteare;
My fearefull hope hangs on my trembling ſayle;
Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale,
Which pleaſant breath muſt blow from your ſweet lip,
Bid it but move, and quick as thought, this Ship
Into your armes, which are my port, will flye
Where it for ever ſhall at Anchor lye.

SONG.

Eternity of Love protested.

How ill doth he deserve a Lovers name,
Whose pale weak flame,
Cannot retaine
His heate in spight of absence or disdaine;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burne, and expire;
True love can never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love, that could retreat.

That noble flame, which my brest keeps alive,
Shall still survive,
When my soule's fled;
Nor shall my love dye, when my body's dead,
That shall waite on me to the lower shade,
And never fade;
My very ashes in their urne,
Shall like a hollowed Lamp, for ever burne.

Upon

Vpon ſome alterations in my Miſtreſſe, after my departure into France.

OH gentle Love, doe not forſake the guide
Of my fraile Barke, on which the ſwelling tide
Of ruthleſſe pride
Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every ſide.
Gulfes of disdaine, doe gape to overwhelme
This boat, nigh ſunke with griefe, whilſt at the helme
Diſpaire commands;
And round about, the ſhifting ſands
Of faithleſſe love, and falſe inconſtancy,
With rocks of cruelty,
Stop up my paſſage to the neighbour Lands.

My ſighs have rais'd thoſe winds, whoſe fury bears
My ſayles ore-boord, and in thei r place ſpreads tears,
And from my teares
This ſea is ſprung, where naught but Death appeares,

A myſtie cloud of anger, hides the light
Of my faire ſtarre, and every where black night
Vſurpes the place
Of thoſe bright rayes, which once did grace
My forth-bound Ship, but when it could no more
Behold the vaniſht ſhore,
In the deepe flood ſhe drown'd her beamy face.

Good

Good counſell to a young Maid.

WHen you the Sun-burnt Pilgrim ſee
Fainting with thirſt, haſt to the ſprings;
Marke how at firſt with bended knee
He courts the cryſtall Nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where He
Proſtrate, adores the flowing Deitie,

But when this ſweaty face is drencht
In her coole waves, when from her ſweet
Boſome, his burning thirſt is quencht;
Then marke how with disdainfull feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refreſht him, moves with ſullen pace.

So ſhalt thou be deſpis'd, faire Maid,
When by the fated lover taſted;
What firſt he did with teares invade,
Shall afterwards with ſcorne be waſted;
When all thy Virgin-ſprings grow dry,
When no ſtreames ſhall be left, but in thine eye.

Celia *bleeding, to the Surgeon.*

FOnd man, that canſt beleeve her blood
Will from thoſe purple chanels flow;
Or that the pure untainted flood,
Can any foule diſtemper know;
Or that thy weake ſteele can incize
The Cryſtall caſe, wherein it lyes.

Know; her quick blood, proud of his ſeat,
Runs dancing through her azure veines;
Whoſe harmony no cold, nor heat
Diſturbs, whoſe hue no tincture ſtaines;
And the hard rock wherein it dwels,
The kneeneſt darts of Love repels.

But thou reply'ſt, behold ſhe bleeds;
Foole, thou'rt deceiv'd; and doſt not know
The myſtique knot whence this proceeds,
How Lovers in each other grow;
Thou ſtruckſt her arme, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the ſmart.

To T. H. a Lady reſembling my miſtreſſe.

FAire copie of my Celia's face,
Twin of my ſoule, thy perfect grace
Claymes in my love an equall place.

Disdaine not a divided heart,
Though all be hers, you ſhall have part;
Love is not tyde to rules of art.

For as my ſoule firſt to her flew,
Yet ſtay'd with me; ſo now 'tis true
It dwels with her, though fled to you.

Then entertaine this wandring gueſt,
And if not love, allow it reſt;
It left not, but miſtooke the neſt.

Nor thinke my love, or your faire eyes
Cheaper, 'cauſe from the ſympathize
You hold with her, theſe flames ariſe,

To Lead, or Braſſe, or ſome ſuch bad
Mettall, a Princes ſtamp may adde
That valew, which it never had,

But to the pure refined Ore;
The ſtamp of Kings imparts no more
Worth, then the mettall held before:

Only the Image gives the rate
To Subjects in a forraine State
Tis priz'd as much for its owne weight,

So though all other hearts reſigne
To your pure worth, yet you have mine
Only becauſe you are her coyne.

To

To Saxham.

THough froſt, and ſnow, lockt from mine eyes,
That beauty which without dore lyes;
Thy gardens, orchards, walkes, that ſo
I might not all thy pleaſures know;
Yet (Saxham) thou within thy gate,
Art of thy ſelfe ſo delicate;
So full of native ſweets, that bleſſe
Thy roofe with inward happineſſe;
As neither from, nor to thy ſtore
Winter takes ought, or Spring adds more.
The cold and frozen ayre had ſterv'd
Much poore, if not by thee preſerv'd;
Whoſe prayers have made thy Table bleſt
With plenty, far above the reſt.
The ſeaſon hardly did afford
Courſe cates unto thy neighbours board,
Yet thou hadſt dainties, as the ſky
Had only beene thy Volarie;
Or elſe the birds, fearing the ſnow
Might to another deluge grow:

The Pheaſant, Partridge, and the Larke,
Flew to thy houſe, as to the Arke.
The willing Oxe, of himſelfe came
Home to the ſlaughter, with the Lambe,
And every beaſt did thither bring
Himſelfe, to be an offering.
The ſcalie herd, more pleaſure tooke,
Bath'd in thy diſh, then in the brooke:
Water, Earth, Ayre, did all conſpire,
To pay their tributes to thy fire.
Whoſe cheriſhing flames themſelves divide
Through every roome, where they deride
The night, and cold abroad; whilſt they
Like ſuns within, keepe endleſſe day.
Thoſe chearfull beames ſend forth their light,
To all that wander in the night,
And ſeeme to becken from aloofe,
The weary Pilgrim to thy roofe;
Where if refreſh't, he will away,
He's fairly welcome, or if ſtay
Farre more, which he ſhall hearty find,
Both from the Maſter, and the Hinde.
The ſtrangers welcome, each man there
Stamp'd on his chearfull brow, doth weare;

Nor

Nor doth this welcome, or his cheere
Grow leſſe, 'cauſe he ſtayes longer here.
There's none obſerves (much leſſe repines)
How often this man ſups or dines.
Thou haſt no Porter at the doore
T'examine, or keepe back the poore;
Nor locks, nor bolts; thy gates have beene
Made only to let ſtrangers in;
Vntaught to ſhut, they doe not feare
To ſtand wide open all the yeare;
Careleſſe who enters, for they know,
Thou never didſt deſerve a foe;
And as for theeves, thy bountie's ſuch,
They cannot ſteale, thou giv'ſt ſo much.

Vpon a Ribband.

THis ſilken wreath, which circles in mine arme,
Is but an Emblem of that myſtique charme,
Wherewith the magique of your beauties binds
My captive ſoule, and round about it winds
Fetters of laſting love; This hath entwind
My fleſh alone, That hath empalde my mind:
Time may weare out Theſe ſoft weak bands; but Thoſe
Strong chaines of braſſe, Fate ſhall not diſcompoſe.
This holy relique may preſerve my wriſt,
But my whole frame doth by That power ſubſiſt:
To That my prayers and ſacrifice, to This
I only pay a ſuperſtitious kiſſe:
This but the Idoll, That's the Deitie,
Religion there is due; Here ceremonie.
That I receive by faith, This but in truſt;
Here I may tender dutie, There I muſt.
This order as a Lay-man I may beare,
But I become Loves Prieſt when That I weare.
This moves like ayre; That as the Center ſtands:
That knot your vertue tyde; This but your hands:
That nature fram'd, but This was made by Art;
This makes my arme your priſoner, That my heart.

To the King at his entrance into Saxham, *by Maſter* Io: Crofts.

SIR,
Ere you paſſe this threſhold, ſtay,
And give your creature leave to pay
Thoſe pious rites, which unto you,
As to our houſhold Gods, are due.
In ſtead of ſacrifice, each breſt
Is like a flaming Altar dreſt
With zealous fires, which from pure hearts
Love mixt with loyalty imparts.
Incenſe, nor gold have we, yet bring
As rich, and ſweet an offering;
And ſuch as doth both theſe expreſſe,
Which is our humble thankfulneſſe.
By which is paid the All we owe
To gods above, or men below.
The ſlaughter'd beaſt, whoſe fleſh ſhould feed
The hungry flames, we, for pure need
Dreſſe for your ſupper, and the gore
Which ſhould be daſht on every dore,

We change into the luſty blood
Of youthfull Vines, of which a flood
Shall ſprightly run through all your veines,
Firſt to your health, then your faire traines.
We ſhall want nothing but good fare,
To ſhew your welcome, and our care;
Such rarities that come from farre,
From poore mens houſes baniſht are;
Yet wee'le expreſſe in homely cheare,
How glad wee are to ſee you here.
Weele have what e're the ſeaſon yeelds,
Out of the neighbouring woods, and fields;
For all the dainties of your board,
Will only be what thoſe afford,
And having ſupt, we may perchance
Preſent you with a countrey dance.
Thus much your ſervants, that beare ſway
Here in your abſence, bade me ſay,
And beg beſides, you'ld hither bring,
Only the mercy of a King;
And not the greatneſſe, ſince they have
A thouſand faults muſt pardon crave;
But nothing that is fit to waite
Vpon the glory of your ſtate.

Yet your gracious favonr will,
They hope, as heretofore, ſhine ſtill
On their endeavours, for they ſwore
Should Iove deſcend, they could no more.

Upon the ſickneſſe of (E. S.)

MVſt ſhe then languiſh, and we ſorrow thus,
And no kind God helpe her, nor pitty us?
Is juſtice fled from heaven? can that permit
A foule deformed raviſher to ſit
Vpon her Virgin check, and pull from thence
The Roſe-buds in their maiden excellence?
To ſpread cold paleneſſe on her lips, and chaſe
The frighted Rubies from their native place?
To lick up with his ſearching flames, a flood
Of diſſolv'd Corall, flowing in her blood;
And with the damps of his infectious breath,
Print on her brow moiſt characters of death?
Muſt the cleare light, 'gainſt courſe of nature ceaſe
In her faire eyes, and yet the flames encreaſe?
Muſt feavers ſhake this goodly tree, and all
That ripened fruit from the faire branches fall,
Which Princes have deſir'd to taſte? muſt ſhee
Who hath preſerv'd her ſpotleſſe chaſtity
From all ſolicitation, now at laſt
By Agues, and diſeaſes be embraſt?
Forbid it holy Dian; elſe who ſhall
Pay vowes, or let one graine of Incenſe fall

On

On thy neglected Altars, if thou bleſſe
No better this thy zealous Votareſſe?
Haſte then, O maiden Goddeſſe, to her ayde,
Let on thy quiver her pale cheeke be laid;
And rock her fainting body in thine armes;
Then let the God of Muſick, with ſtill charmes,
Her reſtleſſe eyes in peacefull ſlumbers cloſe,
And with ſoft ſtraines ſweeten her calme repoſe.
Cupid deſcend; and whilſt Apollo ſings,
Fanning the coole ayre with thy panting wings,
Ever ſupply her with refreſhing wind;
Let thy faire mother, with her treſſes bind
Her labouring temples, with whoſe balmy ſweat,
She ſhall prefume her hairre Coronet,
Whoſe precious drops, ſhall upon every fold
Hang, like rich Pearles about a wreath of gold:
Her looſer locks, as they unbraded lye,
Shall ſpread themſelves into a Canopie:
Vnder whoſe ſhadow let her reſt ſecure
From chilling cold, or burning Calenture;
Vnleſſe ſhe freeze with yce of chaſte deſires,
Only holy Hymen kindle nuptiall fires.
And when at laſt Death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hand thy golden dart.

A New-yeares sacrifice. To Lucinda.

THose that can give, open their hands this day,
Those that cannot, yet hold them up to pray;
That health may crowne the seasons of this yeare,
And mirth dance round the circle, that no teare
(Vnlesse of joy) may with its briny dew,
Discolour on your cheeke the rosie hue;
That no accesse of yeares presume to abate,
Your beauties ever-flourishing estate:
Such cheape and vulgar wishes, I could lay
As triviall offrings at your feet this day;
But that it were Apostasie in me,
To send a prayer to any Deitie
But your divine selfe, who have power to give
Those blessings unto others, such as live
Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,
Whose faire aspects governe our destinies.
Such Incense, vowes, and holy rites, as were
To the involved Serpent of the yeare,

Paid

Paid by Egyptian Prieſts, lay I before
Lucinda's ſacred ſhrine, whilſt I adore
Her beauteous eyes, and her pure Altars dreſſe;
With gums and ſpice of humble Thankfulneſſe;
So may my Goddeſſe from her heaven, inſpire
My frozen boſome with a Delphique fire,
And then the world ſhall by that glorious flame,
Behold the blaze of thy immortall name.

Song

SONG.

To one, who when I prais'd my Mistris beauty, said I was blind.

WOnder not though I am blind,
For you must be
Darke in your eyes, or in your mind,
If when you see
Her face, you prove not blind like me,
If the powerfull beames that fly
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lye
Scatter'd, in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart;
Then you'le confesse your mortall sight
Too weake for such a glorious light;
For if her graces you discover,
You grow like me a dazel'd Lover:
But if those beauties you not spy,
Then are you blinder farre then I.

SONG.

To my Mistris, I burning in love.

I Burne, and cruell you, in vaine
Hope to quench me with disdaine;
If from your eyes, those sparkles came,
That have kindled all this flame,
What boots it me, though now you shrowd
Those fierce Comets in a cloud?
Since all the flames that I have felt,
Could your snow yet never melt,
Nor, can your snow (though you should take
Alpes into your bosome) slake
The heate of my enamour'd heart,
But with wonder learne Loves art,
No seas of yce can coole desire,
Equall flames must quench Loves fire:
Then thinke not that my heat can die,
Till you burne as wel as I.

fire doth
true burning.

SONG.

To her againe, ſhe burning in a Feaver.

NOw ſhe burnes as well as I,
Yet my heat can never dye;
She burnes that never knew deſire,
She that was yce, ſhe that was fire.
She whoſe cold heart, chaſte thoughts did arme
So, as Loves flames could never warme
The frozen boſome where it dwelt,
She burnes, and all her beauties mild;
She burnes, and cryes, Loves fires are melt;
Feavers are Gods, He's a child.
Love; let her know the difference
'Twixt the heat of ſoule and ſenſe,
Touch her with thy flames divine,
So ſhalt thou quench her fire, and mine.

Upon the Kings ſickneſſe.

SIckneſſe, the miniſter of death, doth lay.
So ſtrong a ſiege againſt our brittle clay,
As whilſt it doth our weake-forts ſingly win,
It hopes at length to take all man-kind in:
Firſt, it begins upon the wombe to waite,
And doth the unborne child there uncreate;
Then rocks the cradle where the infant lyes,
Where ere it fully be alive, it dyes.
It never leaves fond youth, untill it have
Found, or an early, or a later grave.
By thouſand ſubtle ſleights from heedleſſe man
It cuts the ſhort allowance of a ſpan.
And where both ſober life, and art combine
To keepe it out, Age makes them both reſigne.
Thus by degrees it only gain'd of late,
The weake, the aged, or intemperate;
But now the Tyrant hath found out a way
By which the ſober, ſtrong, and young, decay:
Entring his royall limbs that is our head,
Through us his myſtique limbs the paine is ſpread.

That

That man that doth not feele his part, hath none
In any part of his dominion,
If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
And he unfit on any ground to tread.
This griefe is felt at Court, where it doth move
Through every joynt, like the true ſoule of love.
All thoſe faire ſtars that doe attend on Him,
Whence they deriv'd their light, wax pale and dim:
That ruddy morning beame of Majeſtie,
Which ſhould the Suns ecclipſed light ſupply,
Is over-caſt with myſts, and in the liew
Of cheerfull rayes ſends us downe drops of dew:
That curious forme made of an earth refin d,
At whoſe bleſt birth, the gentle Planets ſhin'd
With faire aſpects, and ſent a glorious flame
To animate ſo beautifull a frame;
That Darling of the Gods and men, doth weare
A cloud on's brow, and in his eye a teare:
And all the reſt (ſave when his dread command
Doth bid them move) like liveleſſe ſtatues ſtand;
So full a griefe, ſo generally worne
Shewes a good King is ſick, and good men mourne.

SONG.

To a Lady not yet enjoy'd by her Husband.

COme Celia, *fixe thine eyes on mine,*
And through those Cryſtals our ſoules flitting,
Shall a pure wreath of eye-beames twine,
Our loving hearts together knitting:
Let Eaglets the bright Sunne ſurvey,
Though the blind Mole diſcerne not day:
When cleere Aurora *leaves her mate,*
The light of her gray eyes deſpiſing,
Yet all the world doth celebrate
With ſacrifice, her faire up-riſing,
Let Eaglets, &c.

A Dragon kept the golden fruit,
Yet he thoſe dainties never taſted,
As others pin'd in the purſuit,
So he himſelfe with plenty waſted:
Let Eaglets, &c.

SONG.

The willing Prisoner to his Mistris.

Let fooles great Cupids yoake disdaine,
Loving their owne wild freedome better;
Whilst proud of my triumphant chaine
I sit, and court my beauteous fetter.

Her wandring glances, snaring haires,
And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
As he brings ruine, that repaires
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting hals of snow,
With envious vayles, from my beholding;
Vnlock those lips, their pearly row,
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheeles
The restlesse Fate of every Lover,
Survey the paines, my sicke heart feels,
And wounds themselves, have made discover.

A Fly that flew into my Mistris her eye.

WHen this Fly liv'd, she us'd to play
In the Sun-shine all the day;
Till comming neere my Celia's sight,
She found a new, and unknowne light
So full of glory, as it made
The noone-day Sun a gloomy shade;
Then this amorous Fly became
My rivall, and did court my flame.
She did from hand to bosome skip,
And from her breath, her cheeke and lip,
Suckt all the incense, and the spice,
And grew a bird of Paradise:
At last into her eye she flew,
There scorcht in flames, and drown'd in dew;
Like Phaeton from the Suns spheare
She fell, and with her dropt a teare:
Of which a pearle was straight compos'd,
Wherein her ashes lye enclos'd.
Thus she receiv'd from Celia's eye,
Funerall flame, tombe Obsequie.

SONG.

Celia *singing.*

HArke how my Celia, *with the choyce*
Musicke of her hand and voyce
Stils the loud wind; and makes the wild
Inſenced Bore, and Panther mild:
Marke how thoſe ſtatues like men move,
Whilſt men with wonder ſtatues prove!
This ſtiffe rock bends to worſhip her,
That Idoll turnes Idolater.
Now ſee how all the new inſpir'd
Images, with love are fir'd:
Harke how the tender Marble grones,
And all the late transformed ſtones,
Court the fayre Nymph with many a teare,
Which ſhe (more ſtony then they were)
Beholds with unrelenting mind;
Whilſt they amaz'd to ſee combin'd
Such matchleſſe beauty, with diſdaine,
Are all turn'd into ſtones againe.

SONG.

Celia ſinging.

YOu that thinke Love can convey,
No other way,
But through the eyes, into the heart,
His fatall Dart:
Cloſe up thoſe caſements, and but heare
This Syren ſing:
And on the wing
Of her ſweet voyce, it ſhall appeare
That Love can enter at the eare:
Then unvaile your eyes, behold
The curious mould
Where that voyce dwels, and we know,
When the Cocks crow,
Wee freely may
Gaze on the day;
So may you, when the Muſique's done,
Awake and ſee the riſing Sun.

SONG.

To one that desired to know my Mistris.

SEeks not to know my love, for she
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me:
Her mild aspects are mine, and thou
Shalt only find a stormy brow:
For if her beauty stirre desire
In me, her kisses quench the fire.
Or, I can to Love's fountaine goe,
Or dwell upon her lips of snow.
But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare
One gentle breath to coole the ayre.
Thou shalt not climbe those Alpes, nor spy
Where the sweet springs of Venus lye;
Search hidden nature, and there find
A treasure to inrich thy mind,
Discover Arts not yet reveal'd,
But let my Mistris live conceal'd;
Though men by knowledge wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisedome not to know.

In the perſon of a Lady to her inconſtant ſervant.

WHen on the Altar of my hand,
(Bedew'd with many a kiſſe, and teare;)
Thy now revolted heart, did ſtand
An humble Martyr, thou didſt ſweare
Thus; (and the God of love did heare,)
By thoſe bright glances of thine eye,
Vnleſſe thou pitty me, I dye.

When firſt thoſe perjurd lips of thine,
Bepal'd with blaſting ſighes, did ſeale
Their violated faith on mine,
From the ſoft boſome that did heale
Thee, thou my melting heart didſt ſteale;
My ſoule enflam'd with thy falſe breath,
Poyſon'd with kiſſes, ſuckt in death.

Yet I nor hand, nor lip will move,
Revenge, or mercy, to procure
From the offended God of love;
My curse is fatall, and my pure
Love, shall beyond thy scorne endure:
If I implore the Gods, they le find
Thee too ingratefull, me too kind.

Truce

Truce in Love entreated.

NO more, blind God, for see my heart
Is made thy Quiver, where remaines
No voyd place for another Dart;
And alas ' that conquest gaines
Small prayse, that only brings away
A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a nobler foe, all arm'd,
Defies thy weake Artillery,
That hath thy Bow and Quiver charm'd;
A rebell beauty, conquering Thee;
If thou dar'st equall combat try,
Wound her, for 'tis for her I dye.

To

To my Ryvall.

HEnce vaine Intruder, haſte away,
Waſh not with thy unhallowed brine
The foot-ſteps of my Celia's ſhrine;
Nor on her purer Altars lay
Thy empty words, accents that may
Some looſer Dame to love encline;
She muſt have offrings more divine;
Such pearly drops, as youthfull May,
Scatters before the riſing day;
Such ſmooth ſoft language, as each line
Might ſtroake an angry God, or ſtay
Ioves thunder, make the hearers pine
With envy; doe this, thou ſhalt be
Servant to her, Rivall with me.

Boldneſſe in love.

MArke how the baſhfull morne, in vaine
Courts the amorous Marigold,
With ſighing blaſts, and weeping raine,
Yet ſhe refuſes to unfold.
But when the Planet of the day,
Approacheth with his powerfull ray,
Then ſhe ſpreads, then ſhe receives
His warmer beames into her virgin leaves.
So ſhalt thou thrive in love, fond Boy;
If thy teares and ſighes diſcover
Thy griefe, thou never ſhalt enjoy
The juſt reward of a bold Lover:
But when with moving accents, thou
Shalt conſtant faith, and ſervice vow,
Thy Celia ſhall receive thoſe charmes
With open eares, and with unfolded armes.

A Pastorall Dialogue.

Celia. Cleon.

AS Celia rested in the shade
With Cleon by her side;
The swaine thus courted the young Maid,
And thus the Nymph replide.

C L.

Sweet! let thy captive, fetters weare
Made of thine armes, and hands;
Till such as thraldome scorne, or feare,
Envie those happy bands.

C E.

Then thus my willing armes I wind
About thee, and am so
Thy prisner; for my selfe I bind,
Vntill I let thee goe.

C L.

Happy that slave, whom the faire foe
Tyes in so soft a chaine.

C E. Farre happier I, but that I know
Thou wilt breake loose againe.

CL.

By thy immortall beauties never.

C E. Fraile as thy love's thine oath.

C L. Though beauty fade, my faith lasts ever,

C E. Time will destroy them both.

CL.

I dote not on thy snow-white skin.

CE. What then? C L. Thy purer mind.

C E. It lov'd too soone. C Thou hadst not beeen

So faire, if not so kind.

CE.

Oh strange vaine fancy! C L. But yet true.

C E. Prove it. C L. Then make a brade

Of those loose flames, that circle you,

My sunnes, and yet your shade.

CE.

'Tis done. Cl. Now give it me. C E. Thus thou

Shalt thine owne errour find,

If these were beauties, I am now

Lesse faire, because more kind.

You

C L.

You ſhall confeſſe you erre; that haire
Shal it not change the hue,
Or leave the golden mountaine bare?
C. E. Ay me ~~me~~! it is too true.

C L.

But this ſmall wreath, ſhall ever ſtay
In its firſt native prime,
And ſmiling when the reſt decay,
The triumphs ſing of time.

C E.

Then let me cut from thy faire grove,
One branch, and let that be
An embleme of eternall love,
For ſuch is mine to thee.

C E.

Thus are we both redeem'd from time,
I by thy grace. C L. And I
Shall live in thy immortall rime,
Vntill the Muſes dye.

By heaven! CE. Sweare not; if I muſt weepe,
Ioue ſhall not ſmile at me,
This kiſſe, my heart, and thy faith keepe.
CL. This breathes my ſoule to thee.

Then forth the thicket Thirſis ruſht,
Where he ſaw all their play:
The ſwaine ſtood ſtill, and ſmil'd, and bluſht,
The Nymph fled faſt away.

Griefe

Griefe ingroſt.

WHerefore doe thy ſad nnmbers flow
So full of woe?
Why doſt thou melt in ſuch ſoft ſtraines,
Whilſt ſhe diſdaines?
If See muſt ſtill deny,
Weepe not, but dye:
And in thy Funerall fire,
Shall all her fame expire.
Thus both ſhall periſh, and as thou on thy Hearſe
Shall want her teares, ſo ſhe ſhall want thy Verſe;
Repine not then at thy bleſt ſtate:
Thou art above thy fate;
But my faire Celia will not give
Love enough to make me live;
Nor yet dart from her eye
Scorne enough to make me dye.
Then let me weepe alone, till her kind breath,
Or blow my teares away, or ſpeake my death.

A Pastorall Dialogue.

Shepherd. Nimph. Chorus.

Shep. This mossie banke they prest, *Ny.* That aged oak
Did canopie the happy payre
All night from the dampe ayre.
Cho. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking, their embraces broke.

Shep.

See love, the blushes of the morne appeare,
And now she hangs her pearly store
(Rob'd from the Easterne shore)
I'th' Cowslips bell, and Roses rare:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph.

Those streakes of doubtfull light, usher not day,
But shew my sunne must set; no Morne
Shall shine till thou returne,
The yellow Planets, and the gray
Dawne, shall attend thee on thy way.

Shep.

If thine eyes guild my pathes, they may forbeare
Their ruſeleſſe ſhine. *Nymph.* My teares will quite
Extinguiſh their faint light.
She. Thoſe drops will make their beames more cleare,
Loves flames will ſhine in every teare.

Cho:

They kiſt, and wept, and from their lips, and eyes,
In a mixt dew, of briny ſweet,
Their joyes, and ſorrowes meet,
But ſhe cryes out. *Nymph.* Shepherd ariſe,
The Sun betrayes us elſe to ſpies.

Shep.

The winged houres fly faſt, whilſt we embrace,
But when we want their helpe to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion Time, and chaſe
The day for ever from this place.

Shep.

Harke: *Ny.* Aye me ſtay! *She.* For ever. *Ny.* No, ariſe,
We muſt be gone. *Shep.* My neſt of ſpice.
Nym. My ſoule. *Shep.* My Paradiſe.
Cho. Neither could ſay farre well, but through their eyes
Griefe, interrupted ſpeech with teares ſupplies.

Red

Red and white Roſes.

READE in theſe Roſes, the ſad ſtory
Of my hard fate, and your own glory:
In the White you may diſcover
The paleneſſe of a fainting Lover:
In the Red, the flames ſtill feeding
On my heart with freſh wounds bleeding.
The White will tell you how I languiſh,
And the Red expreſſe my anguiſh.
The white my innocence diſplaying,
The Red my martyrdome betraying.
The frownes that on your brow reſided,
Have thoſe Roſes thus divided.
Oh let your ſmiles but cleare the weather,
And then they both ſhall grow together.

To my Cousin (C. R.) *marrying my Lady* (A.)

HAppy Youth, that shalt possesse
Such a spring-tyde of delight,
As the fated Appetite
Shall enjoying such excesse,
With the flood of pleasure lesse:
When the Hymeneall Rite
Isperform'd, invoke the night,
That it may in shadowes dresse
Thy too reall happinesse;
Else (as Semele) the bright
Deitie in her full nigh,
May thy feeble soule oppresse.
Strong perfumes, and glaring light,
Oft destroy both smell, and sight.

A Lover upon an Accident neceſsitating his departure, Conſults with reaſon.

LOVER.

WEepe not, nor backward turne your beames
Fond eyes; ſad ſighes locke in your breath,
Leſt on this wind, or in thoſe ſtreames
My griev'd ſoule fly, or ſayle to death.
Fortune deſtroyes me if I ſtay,
Love kils me if I goe away:
Since Love, and Fortune, both are blind,
Come Reaſon, and reſolve my doubtfull mind.

REASON.

Fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
And 'gainſt the blinder God rebell,
Thy love-ſick heart ſhall not reſide
Where ſcorne, and ſelfe-will d error dwell.
Where entrance, unto Truth is bar'd;
Where Love and Faith find no reward;
For, my juſt hand may ſometime move
The wheele of Fortune, not the ſpheare of Love.

Parting, Celia weeps.

WEepe not (my deare) for I ſhall goe
Loaden enough with mine owne woe,
Adde not thy heavineſſe to mine,
Since Fate our pleaſures muſt diſ-joyne,
Why ſhould our ſorrowes meet? if I
Muſt goe, and loſe thy company,
I wiſh not theirs; it ſhall relieve
My griefe, to thinke thou doſt not grieve,
Yet grieve, and weepe, that I may beare
Every ſigh, and every teare
Away with me, ſo ſhall thy breſt
And eyes diſcharg'd, enjoy their reſt,
And it will glad my heart to ſee,
Thou wert thus loath to part with me.

A Rapture.

I Will enjoy thee now my Celia, come
And fly with me to Loves Elizium:
The Gyant, Honour, that keepes cowards out,
Is but a Maſquer, and the ſervile rout
Of baſer ſubjects only, bend in vaine
To the vaſt Idoll, whilſt the nobler traine
Of valiant Lovers, daily ſayle betweene
The huge Coloſſes legs, and paſſe unſeene
Vnto the bliſsfull ſhore; be bold, and wiſe,
And we ſhall enter, the grim Swiſſe denies
Only to tame fooles a paſſage, that not know
He is but forme, and only frights in ſhow
The duller eyes that lookt from farre; draw neere,
And thou ſhalt ſcorne, what we were wont to feare,
We ſhall ſee how the ſtalking Pageant goes
With borrowed legs, a heavy load to thoſe
That made, and beare him; not as we once thought
The ſeed of Gods, but a weake modell wrought
By greedy men, that ſeeke to encloſe the common,
And within private armes empale free woman.
Come then, and mounted on the wings of love
Weele cut the flitting ayre, and ſore above

The Monſters head, and in the nobleſt ſeats
Of thoſe bleſt ſhades, quench and renew our heats,
There, ſhall the Queene of Love, and Innocence,
Beauty and nature, baniſh all offence
From our cloſe Ivy twines, there Ile behold
Thy bared ſnow, and thy unbraded gold.
There, my enfranchis'd hand, on every ſide,
Shall ore thy naked poliſh'd Ivory ſlide.
No curtaine there, though of tranſparant lawne,
Shall be before thy virgin-treaſure drawne;
But the rich Mine, to the enquiring eye
Expos'd, ſhall ready ſtill for mintage lye,
And wee will coyne young Cupids. There, a bed
Of Roſes, and freſh Myrtles, ſhall be ſpread
Vnder the cooler ſhade of Cypreſſe groves;
Our pillowes, of the downe of Venus Doves,
Whereon our panting limbs wee'le gently lay
In the faint reſpites of our active play;
That ſo our ſlumbers, may in dreames have leiſure,
To tell the nimble fancie our paſt pleaſure;
And ſo our ſonles that cannot be embrac'd,
Shall the embraces of our bodyes taſte.
Meane while the bubling ſtreame ſhall court the ſhore
Th'enamour'd, chirping Wood-quire ſhal adore

In varied tunes the Deitie of Love;
The gentle blaſts of Weſterne winds, ſhall move
The trembling leaves, and through their cloſe bows
Still Muſick, whilſt we reſt our ſelves beneath (breath)
Their dancing ſhade; till a ſoft murmure, ſent
From ſoules entranc'd in amorous languiſhment
Rowze us, and ſhoot into our veines freſh fire,
Till wee, in their ſweet extaſie expire.
Then, as the empty Bee, that lately bore,
Into the common treaſure, all her ſtore
Flyes 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
Deflowring the freſh virgins of the Spring.
So will I rifle all the ſweets, that dwell
In my delicious Paradiſe, and ſwell
My bagge with honey, drawne forth by the power
Of fervent kiſſes, from each ſpicie flower.
Ile ſeize the Roſe-buds in their perfum'd bed,
The Violet knots, like curious Mazes ſpread
O're all the Garden, taſte the ripened Cherry,
The warme, firme Apple, tipt with corall berry:
Then will I viſit, with a wandring kiſſe,
The vale of Lillies, and the Bower of bliſſe:
And where the beauteous Region do h divide
Into two milky wayes, my lips ſhall ſlide

Downe

Downe thoſe ſmooth Allies, wearing as I goe
A traſt for Lovers on the printed ſnow;
Thence climbing o'r the ſwelling Appenine,
Retire into thy grove of Eglantine;
Where I will all thoſe raviſht ſweets diſtill
Through Loves Alimbique, and with Chimmique skil
From the mixt maſſe, one ſoveraigne Balme derive,
Then bring that great Elixar to thy hive.
Now in more ſubtile wreaths I will entwine,
My ſinowie thighes, my legs and armes with thine;
Thou like a ſea of milke ſhalt lye diſplay'd,
Whilſt I the ſmooth, calme Ocean, invade
With ſuch a tempeſt, as when Iove of old
Fell downe on Danae in a ſtorme of gold:
Yet my tall Pine, ſhall in the Cyprian ſtraight
Ride ſafe at Anchor, and unlade her fraight:
My Rudder, with thy bold hand, like a tryde,
And skilfull Pilot, thou ſhalt ſteere and guide
My Barke into Loves channell, where it ſhall
Dance, as the bounding waves doe riſe or fall:
Then ſhall thy circling armes, embrace and clip
My willing body, and thy balmie lip
Bathe me in juyce of kiſſes, whoſe perfume
Like a religious incenſe ſhall conſume,

And ſend up holy vapours, to thoſe powres
That bleſſe our loves, and crowne our ſportfull houres,
That with ſuch Halcion calmeneſſe, fix our ſoules
In ſteadfaſt peace, as no affright controules.
There, no rude ſounds ſhake us with ſudden ſtarts,
No jealous eares, when we unrip our hearts,
Suck our diſcourſe in no obſerving ſpies
Thus bluſh, that glance traduce; no envious eyes
Watch our cloſe meetings, nor are we betrayd
To Rivals, by the bribed chamber-maid.
No wedlock bonds unwreath our twiſted loves;
Wee ſeeke no midnight Arbour, no darke groves
To hide our kiſſes: there, the hated name
Of husband, wife, luſt, modeſt, chaſte, or ſhame,
Are vaine and empty words, whoſe very ſound
Was never heard in the Elizian ground.
All things are lawfull there, that may delight
Nature, or unreſtrained Appetite:
Like, and enjoy, to will, and act, is one,
Wee only ſinne when Loves rites are not done.
The Roman Lucrece there, reads the divine
Lectures of Loves great maſter, Aretine,
And knowes as well as Lais, how to move
Her pliant body in the act of love,

To quench the burning Raviſher, ſhe hurles
Her limbs into a thouſand winding curles;
And ſtudies artfull poſtures, ſuch as be
Carv'd on the Barke of every neighbouring tree
By learned hands, that ſo adorn'd the rinde,
Of thoſe faire Plants, which as they lay enwinde,
Have fann d their glowing fires. The Grecian Dame,
That in her endleſſe web b, toyl'd for a name
As fruitleſſe as her worke, doth there diſplay
Her ſelfe before the Youth of Ithaca,
And th amorous ſport of gameſome nights prefer,
Before dull dreames of the loſt Traveller.
Daphne hath broke her barke, and that ſwift foot,
Which th angry Gods had faſtned with a root
To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run,
To meet th'embraces of the youthfull Sun:
She hangs upon him, like his Delphique Lyre,
Her kiſſes blow the old, and breath new fire:
Full of her God, ſhe ſings inſpired Layes,
Sweet Odes of love, ſuch as deſerve the Bayes,
Which ſhe her ſelfe was. Next her, Laura lyes
In Petrarchs learned armes, drying thoſe eyes
That did in ſuch ſweet ſmooth-pac'd numbers flow,
As made the world enamour'd of his woe.

Theſe, and ten thouſand Beauties more, that dy'de
Slave to the Tyrant, now enlarg'd, deride
His cancell'd lawes, and for their time miſpent,
Pay into Loves Exchequer double rent.
Come then my Celia, weele no more forbeare
To taſte our joyes, ſtruck with a Pannique feare,
But will depoſe from his imperious ſway
This proud Vſurper, and walke free, as they
With necks unyoak'd; nor is it juſt that He
Should fetter your ſoft ſex with Chaſtity,
Which Nature made unapt for abſtinence;
VVhen yet this falſe Impoſtor can diſpence
VVith humane Iuſtice, and with ſacred right,
And maugre both their lawes command me fight
With Rivals, or with emulous Loves, that dare
Equall with thine, their Miſtreſſe e es, or haire:
If thou complaine of wrong, and call my ſword
To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
He bids me fight and kill, or elſe he brands
With markes of infamy my coward hands,
And yet Religion bids from blood-ſhed fly,
And damns me for that act. Then tell me why
This Goblin Honour which the world adores,
Should make men Atheiſts, and not women Whores.

Epitaph

Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villers.

THe Lady *Mary Villers* lyes
Vnder this ſtone; with weeping eyes
The Parents that firſt gave her breath,
And their ſad friends, lay'd her in earth:
If any of them (Reader) were
Knowne unto thee, ſhed a teare,
Or if thy ſelfe poſſeſſe a gemme,
As deare to thee, as this to them;
Though a ſtranger to this place,
Bewayle in theirs, thine owne hard caſe;
For thou perhaps at thy returne
Mayeſt find thy Darling in an Vrne.

An other.

THe pureſt Soule that e're was ſent
Into a claiye tenement
Inform'd this duſt, but the weake mold
Could the great gueſt no longer hold,
The ſubſtance wastoo pure, the flame
Too glorious that thither came,
Ten thouſand Cupids brought along
A Grace on each wing, that did throng
For place there, till they all oppreſt
The ſeat in which they ſought to reſt;
So the faire Modell broke for want
Of roome to lodge th'Inhabitant.

An other.

THis little Vault, this narrow roome,
Of Love, and Beauty is the tombe,
The dawning beame that 'gan to cleare
Our clouded sky, lyes darkened here,
For ever ſet to us, by death
Sent to enflame the world beneath;
'Twas but a bud, yet did containe
More ſweetneſſe then ſhall ſpring againe,
A budding ſtarre that might have growne
Into a Sun, when it had blowne.
This hopefull beauty, did create
New life in Loves declining ſtate;
But now his Empire ends, and we
From fire, and wounding darts are free:
His brand, his bow, let no man feare,
The flames, the arrowes, all lye here.

Epitaph

Epitaph on the Lady S. Wife to Sir W. S.

THe harmonie of colours, features, grace;
Reſulting Ayres (the magique of a face)
Of muſicall ſweet tunes, all which combind
To crowne one Soveraigne beauty, lies confind
To this darke Vault. She was a Cabinet
Where all the choyſeſt ſtones of price were ſet;
Whoſe native colours, and pureſt luſtre, lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazling, ornament:
Whoſe rare and hidden vertues, did expreſſe
Her inward beauties, and minds fairer dreſſe;
The conſtant Diamond, the wiſe Chryſolite,
The devout Saphyre, Emrauld apt to write
Records of memory, cheerfull Agat, grave
And ſerious Onyx, Topaze that doth ſave
The braines calme temper, witty Amathiſt.
This precious Quarrie, or what elſe the liſt
On Aarons Ephod planted, had, ſhe wore
One only Pearle was wanting to her ſtore;
Which in her Saviours booke ſhe found expreſt,
To purchaſe that, ſhe ſold Death all the reſt.

Maria Wentworth. Thomæ Comitis Clevelandi, filia præmortuæ prima Virginiam animam exhaluit.

An. Dom. Æt. suæ.

AND here the precious dust is laid;
Whose purely-tempered Clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soule grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sinne,
And so was hatch'd a Cherubin.

In heigth, it soar'd to God above;
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to general love.

Before, a pious duty shind
To Parents, courtesie behind,
On either side an equall mind,

Good

Good to the Poore, to kindred deare,
To ſervants kind, to friendſhip cleare,
To nothing but her ſelfe, ſevere.

So though a Virgin, yet a Bride
To every Grace, ſhe juſtifi'd
A chaſte Poligamie, and dy'de.

Learne from hence (Reader) what ſmall truſt
We owe this world, where vertue muſt
Fraile as our fleſh, crumble to duſt.

On the Duke of *Buckingham.*

Beatiſsimis Manibus chariſſimi viri Illma Conjunx ſic Parentavit.

WHen in the brazen leaves of Fame,
The life, the death, of Buckingham
Shall be recorded, if Truth's hand
Incize the ſtory of our Land,
Poſterity ſhall ſee a faire
Structure, by the ſtudious care
Of two Kings rays'd, that no leſſe
Their wiſdome, than their power expreſſe;
By blinded zeale (whoſe doubtfull light
Made murders ſcarlet robe ſeeme white,
Whoſe vaine-deluding phantoſmes charm'd
A clouded ſullen ſoule, and arm'd
A deſperate hand, thirſty of blood)
Torne from the faire earth where it ſtood;
So the majeſtique fabrique fell.
His Actions let our Annals tell:

Wee write no Chronicle; this Pile
Weares only ſorowes face and ſtile,
Which, even the envy that did waite
Vpon his flouriſhing eſtate,
Turn'd to ſoft pitty of his death,
Now payes his Hearſe; but that cheape breath
Shall not blow here, nor th'unpure brine
Puddle thoſe ſtreames that bathe this ſhrine.
These are the pious Obſequies,
Drop'd from his chaſte Wifes pregnant eyes
In frequent ſhowres, and were alone
By her congealing ſighes made ſtone,
On which the Carver did beſtow
Theſe formes and Characters of woe;
So he the faſhion only lent,
Whilſt ſhe wept all this Monument.

Another.

Siſte Hoſpes ſive Indigena ſive Advena vicissitudinis rerum memor pauca pellege.

READer, when theſe dumbe ſtones have told
In borrowed ſpeech, what Gueſt they hold;
Thou ſhalt confeſſe, the vaine purſuit
Of humane Glory yeelds no fruit,
But an untimely Grave. If Fate
Could conſtant happineſſe create,
Her Miniſters, Fortune and Worth,
Had here that miracle brought forth;
They fix'd this child of Honour, where
No roome was left for Hope, or Feare,
Of more, or leſſe: ſo high, ſo great
His growth was, yet ſo ſafe his ſeate.
Safe in the circle of his Friends:
Safe in his Loyall heart, and ends:
Safe in his native valiant ſpirit:
By favour ſafe, and ſafe by merit;

Safe

Safe by the ſtampe of Nature, which
Did ſtrength, with ſhape and Grace enrich;
Safe in the cheerfull Courteſies
Of flowing geſtures, ſpeech, and eyes:
Safe in his Bounties, which were more
Proportion'd to his mind then ſtore;
Yet, though for vertue he becomes
Involv'd Himſelfe in borrowed ſummes;
Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
No friend engag'd, no debt unpay'd.
But though the ſtarres conſpire to ſhower
Vpon one Head th'united power
Of all their Graces, if their dire
Aſpects, muſt other breaſts inſpire
With vicious thoughts, a Murderers knife
May cut (as here) their Darlings life.
Who can be happy then, if Nature muſt
To make one Happy man, make all men juſt.

Foure Songs by way of *Chorus* to a Play, at an entertainment of the King and Queene, by my Lord Chamberlaine.

The first of *Iealousie*. Dialogue.

Question.

FRom whence was first this fury hurld,
This Iealousie into the world?
Came she from Hell? Answ. *No there doth raigne*
Eternall hatred with disdaine,
But she the Daughter is of Love,
Sister of Beauty. Reply. *Then above*
She must derive from the third Spheare
Her heavenly Off-spring. Answ. *Neither there*
From those immortall flames, could she
Draw her cold frozen Pedigree
Quest. *If nor from heaven nor hell, where then*
Had she her birth? An. *I'th hearts of men,*
Beauty, and Feare did her create,
Younger then Love, Elder then Hate,
Sister to both, by Beauties side
To love, by Feare to Hate ally'de:
Despayre her issue is, whose race
Of fruitfull mischiefes drownes the space

Of the wide earth, in a ſwolne flood
Of wrath, revenge, ſpight, rage, and blood.
Queſt. *Oh how can ſuch a ſpurious line*
Proceed from Parents ſo divine?
Anſ. *As ſtreames, which from their Chryſtall ſpring*
Doe ſweet and cleare their waters bring,
Yet mingling with the brackiſh Maine,
Nor taſte, nor colour they retaine.
Qu. *Yet Rivers 'twixt their owne bankes flow*
Still freſh, can jealouſie doe ſo?
An. *Yes, whilſt ſhe keeps the ſtedfaſt ground*
Of hope, and Feare, her equall bound;
Hope ſprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Towards the faire object doth advance;
Whilſt Feare, as watchfull Scentinell
Doth the invading Foe repell;
And Iealouſie thus mixt, doth prove
The ſeaſon, and the ſalt of love:
But when Feare takes a larger ſcope,
Stifling the child of Reaſon, Hope
Then ſitting on th'uſurped throne,
Shee like a Tyrant rules alone,
As the wild Ocean unconfin'de,
And raging as the Northern-winde.

2.

Feminine Honour.

IN what esteeme did the Gods hold
Faire Innocence, and the chaste bed,
When scandall'd vertue might be bold
Bare-foot, upon sharpe Cultures, spread
O're burning coles to march, yet feele
Nor scorching fire, nor piercing steele?

Why, when the hard edg'd Iron did turne
Soft as a bed of Roses blowne,
When cruell flames forgot to burne
Their chaste pure limbs, should man alone
'Gainst female Innocence conspire,
Harder then steele, fiercer then fire?

Oh base lesse sex! Vnequall sway
Of partiall Honour! Who may know
Rebels from subjects that obey,
When malice can on vestals throw
Disgrace, and Fame fix high repute
On the cleare shameless Prostitute?

Vaine Honour! thou art but disguise
A cheating voyce, a jugling art,
No judge of vertue, whose pure eyes
Court her owne Image in the heart,
More pleas'd with her true figure there,
Then her false Eccho in the eare.

3.

Separation of Lovers.

STop the chased Bore, or play
With the Lyons paw, yet feare
From the Lovers side to teare
Th' Idoll of his soule away.

Though Love enter by the sight
To the heart, it doth not fly
From the mind, when from the eye,
The faire objects take their flight.

But since want provokes desire,
When we lose what we before
Have enioy'd, as we want more,
So is Love more set on fire.

Loue

Love doth with an hungry eye
Glut on Beauty, and you may
Safer snatch the Tygers prey
Then his vital food deny.

Yet though absence for a space,
Sharpen the keene Appetite,
Long continuance doth quite
All Loves characters efface.

For the sense not fed, denies
Nourishment unto the mind,
Which with expectation pinde
Love of a consumption dyes.

4.
Incommunicability of Love.

QVest. *By what power was Love confinde*
To one object? who can bind,
Or fixe a limit to the free-borne mind?

An. *Nature; for as bodies may*
Move at once but in one way,
So our can minds to more then one love stray.

Reply.

Reply. *Yet I feele a double smart*
Loves twinn'd-flame, his forked dart.
An. *Then hath wild lust, not love possest thy heart.*

Qu. *Whence springs love?* An. *From beauty.* Qu *Why*
Should th'effect not multiply
As fast i'th'heart, as doth the cause i'th'eye;

An. *When two Beauties equall are,*
Sense preferring neither fayre,
Desire stands still, distracted 'twixt the paire.

So in equall distance lay
Two fayre Lambs in the Wolfe's way;
The hungry beast will starve e're chuse his prey.

But where one is chiefe, the rest
Cease, and that's alone possest
Without a Rivall Monarch of the breast.

Songs

Songs in the Play.

A Lover in the disguise of an Amazon, is dearly beloved of his Mistris.

CEase thou afflicted soule to mourne,
Whose love and faith are paid with scorne;
For I am starv'd that feele the blisses
Of deare embraces, smiles, and kisses
From my soules Idoll, yet complaine
Of equall love more then disdaine.

Cease, Beauties exile to lament
The frozen shades of banishment,
For I in that faire bosome dwell
That is my Paradise, and Hell;
Banisht at home, at once at ease
In the safe Port, and tost on Seas.

Cease in cold jealous feares to pine
Sad wretch, whom Rivals undermine;
For though I hold lockt in mine armes
My lifes sole joy, a Traytors charmes
Prevaile, whilst I may only blame
My selfe, that mine owne Rivall am.

Another

Another.

A Lady rescued from death by a Knight, who in the instant leaves her, complaines thus.

OH whither is my fayre Sun fled,
Bearing his light, not heat away?
If thou repose in the moist bed
Of the Sea-Queene, bring back the day
To our darke clime, and thou shalt lye
Bath'd in the sea flowes from mine eye.

Vpon what whirlewind didst thou ride
Hence, yet remaine fixt in my heart,
From me, and to me; fled, and tyde?
Darke riddles of the amorous art;
Love lent thee wings to fly, so Hee
Vnfeather'd now must rest with me.

Helpe, helpe, brave Youth, I burne, I bleed,
The cruell God with Bow and Brand
Pursues the life thy valour freed,
Disarme him with thy conquering hand;
And that thou mayest the wild boy tame,
Give me his dart, keepe thou his flame.

To Ben. Iohnson.

Vpon occaſion of his Ode of defiance annext to his Play of the new Inne.

'Tis true (deare Ben:) thy juſt chaſtizing hand
Hath fixt upon the ſotted Age a brand
To their ſwolne pride, and empty ſcribling due,
It can nor judge, nor write, and yet 'tis true
Thy commique Muſe from the exalted line
Toucht by the Alchymiſt, doth ſince decline
From that her Zenith, and foretels a red
And bluſhing evening, when ſhe goes to bed,
Yet ſuch, as ſhall out-ſhine the glimmering light
VVith which all ſtars ſhall guild the following night.
Nor thinke it much (ſince all thy Eaglets may
Endure the Sunnie tryall) if we ſay
This hath the ſtronger wing or that doth ſhine
Trickt up in fairer plumes, ſince all are thine;
Who hath his flock of cackling Geeſe compar'd
With thy tun'd quire of Swans? or elſe who dar'd

To call thy births deformed? but if thou bind
By Citie cuſtome, or by Gavell-kind,
In equall ſhares thy love on all thy race,
We may diſtinguiſh of their ſexe, and place;
Though one hand form them, & through one braine
Soules into all, they are not all alike. (ſtrike
Why ſhould the follies then of this dull age
Draw from thy pen ſuch an immodeſt rage
As ſeemes to blaſt thy (elſe-immortall) Bayes,
When thine own tongue proclaimes thy ytch of praiſe?
Such thirſt will argue drouth. No, let be hurld
Vpon thy workes by the detracting world,
What malice can ſuggeſt; let the Rout ſay,
The running ſands, that (ere thou make a play)
Count the ſlow minutes, might a Goodwin frame
To ſwallow when th'haſt done thy ſhip-wrackt name;
Let them the deare expence of oyle upbraid
Suckt by thy watchfull Lampe, that hath betray'd
To theft the blood of martyr'd Authors, ſpilt
Into thy inke, whilſt thou grow'ſt pale with guilt,
Repine not at the Tapers thrifty waſte,
That ſleekes thy terſer Poems, nor is haſte
Prayſe, but excuſe; and if thou overcome
A knotty writer, bring the booty home;

Nor thinke it theft, if the rich ſpoyles ſo torne
From conquered Authors, be as Trophies worne.
Let others glut on the extorted praiſe
Of vulgar breath, truſt thou to after dayes:
Thy labour'd workes ſhall live, when Time devoures
Th'abortive off-ſpring of their haſty houres.
Thou art not of their ranke, the quarrell lyes
Within thine owne Virge, then let this ſuffice,
The wiſer world doth greater Thee confeſſe
Then all men elſe, then Thy ſelfe only leſſe.

An

An Hymeneall Dialogue.

Bride and Groome.

GRoome, Tell me (my Love) ſince Hymen ty'de
The holy knot, haſt thou not fele
A new infuſed ſpirit ſlide,
Into thy breſt, whilſt thine did melt?

Bride First tell me (ſweet) whoſe words were thoſe?
For though the voyce your ayre did breake,
Yet did my ſoule the ſence compoſe,
And through your lips my heart did ſpeake.

Groo. Then I perceive, when from the flame
Of love, my ſcorch'd ſoule did retire;
Your frozen heart in her place came,
And ſweetly melted in that fire.
Bride. 'Tis true, for when that mutuall change
Of ſoules, was made with equall gaine;
Iſtraight might feele diffus'd a ſtrange,
But gentle heat through every veine.

Chorus. Oh bleſt diſ-union, that doth ſo
Our bodies from our ſoules divide,
As two doe one, and one foure grow,
Each by contraction multiply'de.

Bridé. Thy boſome then Ile make my neſt,
Since there my willing ſoule doth pearch.
Groom. And for my heart in thy chaſte breſt,
I'le make an everlaſting ſearch.
Lhorus. Oh bleſt diſ-union, &c.

Obſequies

Obſequies to the Lady ANNE HAY.

I Heard the Virgins ſigh, I ſaw the ſleeke
And poliſht Courtier channell his freſh cheeke
With reall teares; the new-betrothed Maid
Smild not that day; the graver Senate laid
Their buſines by; of all the Courtly throng,
Griefe ſeald the heart, and ſilence bound the tongne,
I that ne're more of private ſorrow knew
Then from my Pen ſome froward Miſtris drew,
And for the publike woe, had my dull ſenſe
So ſear'd with ever adverſe influence,
As the invaders ſword might have unfelt,
Pierc'd my dead boſome, yet began to melt:
Griefe's ſtrong inſtinct, did to my blood ſuggeſt
In the unknowne loſſe peculiar intereſt.
But when I heard, the noble Carlil's Gemme,
The fayreſt branch of Dennye's ancient ſtemme
Was that from Casket ſtolne, from this Trunke corne,
I found juſt cauſe, why they, why I ſhould mourne.

But who shall guide my artlesse Pen, to draw
Those blooming beauties, which I never saw?
How shall posterity beleeve my story,
If I, her crowded graces, and the glory
Due to her riper vertues, shall relate
Without the knowledge of her mortall state?
Shall I, as once Apelles, here a feature,
There steale a Grace, and rifling so whole Nature
Of all the sweets a learned eye can see
Figure one Venus, and say, such was she?
Shall I her legend fill, with what of old
Hath of the Worthies of her sex beene told,
And what all pens, and times to all dispence,
Restraine to her, by a prophetique sence?
Or shall I, to the Morall, and Divine
Exactest lawes, shape by an even line,
A life so straight, as it should shame the square
Left in the rules of Katherine, or Clare,
And call it hers, say, so did she begin,
And had she liv'd, such had her progresse beene?
These are dull wayes by which base pens, for hire,
Dawbe glorious vice, and from Apollo's quire
Steale holy Ditties, which prophanely they
Vpon the Herle of every strumpet lay.

Wee will not bathe thy corps with a forc'd teare,
Nor ſhall thy traine borrow the blacks they weare;
Such vulgar ſpice, and gums, enbalme not thee,
Thou art the Theame of Truth, not Poetry.
Thou ſhalt endure a tryall by thy Peeres,
Virgins of equall birth, of equall yeares,
Whoſe vertues, held with thine an emulous ſtrife,
Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life.
One ſhall enſpheare thine eyes, another ſhall
Impearle thy teeth: a third, thy white and ſmall
Hand, ſhall beſnow, a fourth, incarnadine
Thy roſie checke, untill each beauteous line,
Drawne by her hand, in whom that part excels,
Meet in one Center, where all beautie dwels.
Others, in taske ſhall thy choyce vertues ſhare,
Some ſhall their birth, ſome their ripe growth declare.
Though niggard Time left much unhach'd by deeds,
They ſhall relate how thou hadſt all the ſeeds
Of every vertue, which in the purſuit
Of time, muſt have brought forth admired fruit.
Thus ſhalt thou, from the mouth of envy, raiſe
A glorious journall of thy thirſty dayes,
Like a bright ſtarre, ſhot from his ſpheare, whoſe race
In a continued line of flames, we trace,

This, if survay'd, shall to thy view impart
How little more then late, thou wer't, thou art,
This shall gaine credit with succeeding times,
When nor by bribed pens, nor partiall rimes,
Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
Is storied by the partners of thy youth;
Their breath shall Saint thee, and be this thy pride,
Thus even by Rivals to be Deifide.

To

To the Counteſſe of Angleſie upon the immoderatly by-her-lamented death of her Husband.

MAdam, men ſay you keepe with dropping eyes
Your ſorrowes freſh, wat'ring the Roſe that lies
Fall'n from your cheeks upon your deare Lords Herſe.
Alas ſ thoſe odours now no more can pierce
His cold pale noſtrill, nor the crymſon dye
Preſent a gracefull bluſh to his darke eye.
Thinke you that flood of pearly moiſture hath
The vertue fabled of old Eſons bath.
You may your beauties, and your youth conſume
Over his Vrne, and with your ſighes perfume
The ſolitary Vault, which as you grone
In hollow Ecchoes ſhall repeate your moane.
There you may wither, and an Autumne bring
Vpon your ſelfe, but not call back his ſpring.
Forbeare your fruitleſſe griefe then, and let thoſe
Whoſe love was doubted, gaine beliefe with ſhowes
To their ſuſpected faith; you, whoſe whole life
In every act crown'd you a conſtant Wife,

May ſpare the practiſe of that vulgar trade,
Which ſuperſtitious cuſtome only made;
Rather a Widow now of wiſedome proye
The patterne, as a Wife you were of love:
Yet ſince you ſurfet on your griefe, 'tis fit
I tell the world, upon what cates you fit
Glutting your ſorrowes; and at once include
Hiſtory, your excuſe, my gratitude.
You, that behold how yond' ſad Lady blends
Thoſe aſhes with her teares, leſt, as ſhe ſpends
Her tributary ſighes, the frequent guſt
Might ſcatter up and downe the noble duſt,
Know when that heape of Atomes, was with blood
Kneaded to ſolid fleſh, and firmely ſtood
On ſtately Pillars the rare forme might move
The froward Iunoe's, or chaſte Cinthia's love.
In motion, active grace, in reſt, a calme
Attractive ſweetneſſe, brought both wound and balme
To every heart. He was compos'd of all
The wiſhes of ripe Virgins, when they call
For Hymens rites, and in their fancies wed
A ſhape of ſtudied beauties to their bed.
Within this curious Palace dwelt a ſoule
Gave luſtre to each part, and to the whole.

This

This dreſt his face in curteous ſmiles; and ſo
From comely geſtures, ſweeter manners flow.
This courage joyn'd to ſtrength, ſo the hand, bent,
Was valours, open'd Bounties inſtrument
Which did the ſcale, and ſword of uſtice hold,
Knew how to brandiſh ſteele, and ſcatter gold.
This taught him, not to engage his modeſt tongue
In ſuites of private gaine, though publike wrong;
Nor miſ-employ (As is the great mans uſe.)
His credit with his Maſter, to traduce,
Deprave, maligne, and ruine Innocence
In proud revenge of ſome miſ-judg'd offence.
But all his actions had the noble end
T'advance deſert, or grace ſome worthy friend.
He choſe not in the active ſtreame to ſwim,
Nor hunted Honour; which, yet hunted him,
But like a quiet Eddy, that hath found
Some hollow creeke, there turnes his waters round,
And in continuall circles, dances free
From the impetuous Torrent; ſo did he
Give others leave to turne the wheele of State,
(Whoſe reſtleſſe motions ſpins the ſubjects fate)
Whilſt he retir'd from the tumultuous noyſe
Of Court, and ſuitors preſſe; apart, enjoyes

Freedome

Freedome, and mirth, himſelfe, his time, and friends,
And with ſweet relliſh taſtes each houre he ſpends.
I could remember how his noble heart
Firſt kindled at your beauties, with what Art
He chas'd his game through all oppoſing feares,
When I his ſighes to you, and back your teares
Convay'd to him, how loyall then, and how
Conſtant he prov'd ſince to his marriage vow,
So as his wandring eyes never drew in
One Iuſtfull thought to tempt his ſoule to ſinne,
But that I feare ſuch mention rather may
Kindle new griefe, than blow the old away.
Then let him reſt joyn'd to great Buckingham,
And with his brothers, mingle his bright flame,
Looke up, and meet their beames, and you from thence
May chance derive a chearfull influence.
Seeke him no more in duſt, but call agen
Your ſcatterd beauties home, and ſo the pen
Which now I take from this ſad Elegie
Shall ſing the Trophies of your conquering eye.

An Elegie upon the death of Doctor Donne, Deane of Pauls.

CAn we not force from widowed Poetry
Now thou art dead (Great Donne) one Elegie,
To crowne thy Hearſe? Why yet did we not truſt,
Though with unkneaded pow-dak'd proſe, thy duſt,
Such as th' uncizard Lect'rer from the flower
Of fading Rhet'rique, ſhort liv'd as his houre,
Dry as the ſand that meaſures it, might lay
Vpon the aſhes, on the Funerall day?
Have we not tune, nor voyce? didſt thou diſpence
Through all our language both the words and ſence?
'Tis a ſad truth. The Pulpit may her plaine,
And ſober Chriſtian precepts ſtill retaine,
Doctrines it may, and wholſome uſes, frame,
Grave Homilies, and Lectures, but the flame
Of thy brave ſoule, that ſhot ſuch heat, and light,
As burnt our Earth, and made our darkeneſſe bright,
Committed holy rapes upon the will,
Did through the eye the melting heart diſtill,

And

And the deepe knowledge, of darke truths, so teach
As ſence might judge, what fancy could not reach,
Muſt be deſir'd for ever. So the fire
That fils with ſpirit and heate the Delphique Quire,
Which kindled firſt by thy Promethean breath
Glow'd here awhile, lyes quencht now in thy death:
The Muſes garden, with Pedantique weeds
Ore-ſpread, was purg'd by thee, the lazie ſeeds
Of ſervile imitation throwne away,
And freſh invention planted; thou did'ſt pay
The debts of our penurious banquerout Age:
Licentious theefts, that make poetique rage,
A mimique fury, when our ſoules muſt be
Poſſeſt, or with Anacreous extaſie,
Or Pindars, not their owne, the ſubtle cheate
Of ſly exchanges, and the jugling feate
Of two-edg'd words, or whatſoever wrong
By ours was done the Greeke or Latine tongue,
Thou haſt redeem'd, and opened us a Mine
Of rich and pregnant fancie, drawne a line
Of Maſculine expreſſion, which had good
Old Orpheus ſeene, or all the ancient brood
Our ſuperſtitious fooles admire, and hold
Their Leade more precious then thy burniſht gold.

Thou

Thou haidſt beene their Exchequer, and no more,
They each in others dung had ſearch'd for Ore.
Thou ſhalt yeeld no precedence, but of Time,
And the blind fate of Language, whoſe tun'd chime
More charmes the outward ſenſe; yet thou mayſt claim
From ſo great diſadvantage, greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troubleſome language bends, made only fit
With her tough thick-rib'd hoopes, to gird about
Thy Gyant fancy, which had prov'd too ſtout
For their ſoft melting phraſes. As in time
They had the ſtart, ſo did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare,
And left the rifled fields, beſides the feare
To touch their harveſt, yet from thoſe bare lands
Of what was only thine, thy only hands
(And that their ſmalleſt worke) have gleaned more
Then all thoſe times, and Tongues, could reape before.
But thou art gone, and thy ſtrickt lawes will be
Too hard for Libertines in Poetry,
They will recall the goodly exil'd traine
Of gods, and goddeſſes, which in thy juſt raigne
Was baniſht nobler Poems; now, with theſe,
The ſilenc'd tales i'th' Metamorphoſes

Shall

Shall ſtuffe their lines, and ſwell the windy page,
Till verſe refin'd by thee, in this laſt Age
Turne Ballad-rime, or thoſe old Idols be
Ador'd againe with new Apoſtaſie.
Oh! pardon me that breake with untun'd Verſe
The reverend ſilence, that attends thy Hearſe,
Whoſe ſolemne, awfull Murmurs, were to thee
More then theſe rude lines, a loud Elegie,
That did proclaime in a dumbe Eloquence
The death of all the Arts, whoſe influence
Growne feeble, in theſe panting numbers lyes
Gaſping ſhort-winded accents, and ſo dyes.
So doth the ſwiftly-turning wheele, not ſtand
In the inſtant we withdraw the moving hand,
But ſome ſhort time retaine a faint weake courſe,
By vertue of the firſt impulſive force;
And ſo, whilſt I caſt on thy funerall Pile
Thy crowne of Bayes, oh let it crack a while,
And ſpit diſdaine, till the devouring flaſhes
Suck all the moyſture up, then turne to aſhes,
I will not draw the envy, to engroſſe
All thy perfections, or weepe all the loſſe,
Thoſe are too numerous for one Elegie,
And 'tis too great to be expreſt by me,

Let

Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice,
I on thy Grave this Epitaph incize:
Here lyes a King, that rul'd as he thought fit
The Universall Monarchy of wit,
Here lyes two Flamens, and both those the best,
Apollo's first, at last the true God's Priest.

In answer of an Elegiacall Letter upon the death of the King of Sweden *from* Aurelian Townsend, *inviting me to write on that subject.*

WHy dost thou sound my deare Aurelian,
In so shrill accents, from thy Barbican,
A loud allarum to my drowsie eyes,
Bidding them wake in teares and Elegies
For mighty Swedens fall? Alas! how may
My Lyrique feet, that of the smooth soft way
Of love, and Beauty, only know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead
Victorious King, or his Majestick Hearse
Prophane with th'humble touch of their low verse?
Virgill, nor Lucan, no, nor Tasso more
Then both, not Donne, worth all that went before,
With the united labour of their wit
Could a just Poem to this subject fit,
His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
Higher by Verse, let him in prose be prays'd,

In

In modeſt faithfull ſtory, which his deeds
Shall turne to Poems: when the next Age reades
Of Frankfort, Leipſigh, Worsburgh, of the Rhyne
The Leck, the Danube, Tilly, Walleſtein,
Bavaria, Bapenheim, Lutzenfield, where He
Gain'd after death a poſthume Victory,
They'le thinke his Acts things rather feign'd then done
Like our Romances of the Knight o'th'Sun.
Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler,
Who though to Annals he can not refer
His too-briefe ſtory, yet his Iournals may
Stand by the Cæſars yeares, and every day
Cut into minutes, each ſhall more containe
Of great deſignement then an Emperours raigne;
And (ſince 'twas but his Church-yard) let him have
For his owne aſhes now no narrower Grave
Then the whole German Continents vaſt wombe,
Whilſt all her Cities doe but make his Tombe.
Let us to ſupreame providence commit
The fate of Monarchs, which firſt thought it fit
To rend the Empire from the Auſtrian graſpe
And next from Swedens, even when he did claſpe
Within his dying armes the Soveraingnty
Of all thoſe Provinces, that men mght ſee

The Divine wiſedome would not leave that Land
Subject to any one Kings ſole command.
Theſlet the Germans feare, if Cæſar ſhall,
Or the Vnited Princes, riſe, and fall,
But let us that in myrtle bowers ſit
Vnder ſecure ſhades, uſe the benefit
Of peace and plenty, which the bleſſed hand
Of our good King gives this obdurate Land,
Let us of Revels ſing, and let thy breath
(Which fill'd Fames trumpet with Guſtavus death,
Blowing his name to heaven) gently inſpire
Thy paſt'rall pipe, till all our ſwaines admire
Thy ſong and ſubject, whilſt they both compriſe
The beauties of the SHEPHERDS PARADISE;
For who like thee (whoſe looſe diſcourſe is farre
More neate and poliſht then our Poems are,
Whoſe very gate's more gracefull then our dance)
In ſweetly-flowing numbers may advance
The glorious night? When not to act foule rapes,
Like birds, or beaſts, but in their Angel-ſhapes
A troope of Deities came downe to guide
Our ſteerleſſe barkes in paſſions ſwelling tide
By vertues Card, and brought us from above
A patterne of their owne celeſtiall love,

Nor lay it in darke ſullen precepts drown'd
But with rich fancy, and cleare Action crown'd
Through a myſterious fable (that was drawne
Like a tranſparant veyle of pureſt Lawne
Before their dazelling beauties) the divine
Venus, did with her heavenly Cupid ſhine.
The ſtories curious web, the Maſculine ſtile;
The ſubtile ſenſe, did Time and ſleepe beguile,
Pinnion'd and charm'd they ſtood to gaze upon
Th'Angellike formes, geſtures, and motion.
To heare thoſe raviſhing ſounds that did diſpence
Knowledge and pleaſure, to the ſoule, and ſenſe.
It fill'd us with amazement to behold
Love made all ſpirit, his corporeall mold
Diſſected into Atomes melt away
To empty ayre, and from the groſſe allay
Of mixtures, and compounding Accidents
Refin'd to immateriall Elements.
But when the Queene of Beauty did inſpire
The ayre with perfumes, and our hearts with fire,
Breathing from her celeſtiall Organ ſweet
Harmonious notes, our ſoules fell at her feet,
And did with humble reverend duty, more
Her rare perfections, then high ſtate adore,

These harmeleſſe paſtimes let my Townesend ſing
To rurall times; not that thy Muſe wants wing
To ſoare a loftier pitch, for ſhe hath made
A noble flight, and plac'd th'Heroique ſhade
Above the reach of our faint flagging ryme;
But theſe are ſubjects proper to our clyme.
Torneyes, Maſques, Theaters better become
Our Halcyon dayes; what though the German Drum
Bellow for freedome and revenge, the noyſe
Concernes not us, nor ſhould divert our joyes;
Nor ought the thunder of their Carabins
Drowne the ſweet Ayres of our tun'd Violins;
Beleeve me friend, if their prevailing powers
Gaine them a calme ſeaurity like ours,
They'le hang their Armes upon the Olive bough,
And dance, and revell then, as we doe now.

Upon

Vpon Maſter W. Mountague *his returne from travell.*

LEade the black Bull tō ſlaughter, with the Bore
And Lambe, then purple with their mingled gore
The Oceans curled brow, that ſo we may
The Sea-Gods for their carefull waftage pay:
Send gratefull Incenſe up in pious ſmoake
To thoſe mild ſpirits, that caſt a curbing yoake
Vpon the ſtubborne winds, that calmely blew
To the wiſht ſhore, our long'd-for Mountague.
Then whilſt the Aromatique odours burne,
In honour of their Darling's ſafe returne;
The Muſes Quire ſhall thus with voyce and hand,
Bleſſe the faire Gale that drove his ſhip to land.

Sweetly breathing Vernall Ayre,
That with kind warmth doeſt repayre
Winters rudnes, from whoſe breaſt
All the gums and ſpice of th'Eaſt
Borrow their perfumes, whoſe eye
Guil'ds the morne, and cleares the ſky,

Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearles upon the Violet bed,
On whose brow with calme smiles dress
The Halcion sits and builds her nest.
Beauty, Youth, and endlesse Spring,
Dwell upon thy rosie wing.
Thou, if stormy Boreas blowes
Downe whole Forrest when he blowes,
With a pregnant flowery birth
Canst refresh the teeming Earth;
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fayre or good,
If hee scatter our choyce flowers,
If she shake our hils or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst froake great Eolus,
And from him the grace obtaine
To bind him in an Iron chaine.

Thus, whilst you deale your body 'mongst your friends
And fill their circling armes, my glad soule sends
This her embrace: Thus wee of Delphos greet,
As Lay-men clasp their hands, we joyne our feet.

To Maſter W. Mountague.

SIR, I areſt you at your Countries ſuit,
Who as a debt to her, requires the fruit
Of that rich ſtock; which ſhe by Natures hand
Gave you in truſt, to th'uſe of this whole Land,
Next, ſhe endites you of a Felony,
For ſtealing, what was her Propriety.
Your ſelfe from hence, ſo ſeeking to convey
The publike treaſure of the ſtate away.
More, y'are accus'd of Oſtraciſme, the Fate
Impos'd of old by the Athenian ſtate
On eminent vertue, but that curſe which they
Caſt on their men, You on your Countrey lay.
For, thus divided from your noble parts
This Kingdome lives in exile, and all hearts
That relliſh worth, or honour, being rent
From your perfections, ſuffer baniſhment:
Theſe are your publike injuries; but I
Have a juſt private quarrell to defie

And

And call you Coward, thus to run away
When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring ſtay
Till I redeem'd my honour; but I ſweare
By Celia's eyes, by the ſame force to teare
Your heart from you, or not to end this ſtrife
Till I or find revenge, or loſe my life.
But as in ſingle fights it oft hath beene
In that unequall equall tryall ſeene,
That he who had receiv'd the wrong at firſt,
Came from the Combat oft too with the worſt:
So if you foyle me when we meet, I'le then
Give you faire leave to wound me ſo agen.

On

On the Mariage of T.K. *and* C.G. *the morning ſtormie.*

SVch ſhould this day be, ſo the Sun ſhould hide
His baſhfull face, and let the conquering Bride
Without a Rivall ſhine, whilſt He forbeares
To mingle his unequall beames with hers;
Or if ſometimes he glance his ſquinting eye
Betweene the parting clouds, 'tis but to ſpy,
Not emulate her glories, ſo comes dreſt
In vayles, but as a Maſquer to the feaſt.
Thus heaven ſhould lowre, ſuch ſtormy guſts ſhould blow
Not to denounce ungentle Fates, but ſhow
The cheerfull Bridegroome to the clouds and wind
Hath all his teares, and all his ſighes aſſign'd.
Let Tempeſts ſtruggle in the Ayre, but reſt
Eternall calmes within thy peacefull breſt.
Thrice happy Youth; but ever ſacrifice
To that fayre hand that dry'de thy blubbred eyes,
That crownd thy head with Roſes, and turn'd all
The plagues of love into a cordiall,

When

When first it joyn'd her Virgin snow to thine,
Which when to day the Priest shall recombine,
From the mysterious holy touch such charmes
Will flow, as shall unlock her wreathed armes,
And open a free passage to that fruit
Which thou hast toyl'd for with a long pursuit.
But ere thou feed, that thou may'st better taste
Thy prelent joyes, thinke on thy torments past.
Thinke on the mercy freed thee, thinke upon
Her vertues, graces, beauties, one by one,
So shalt thou relish all, enjoy the whole
Delights of her faire body, and pure soule.
Then boldly to the fight of Love proceed,
'Tis mercy not to pitty though she bleed,
Wee'le strew no nuts, but change that ancient forme,
For till to morrow wee'le prorogue this storme.
Which shall confound with its loud whistling noyse
Her pleasing shreeks, and fan thy panting joyes.

For a Picture where a Queene Laments over the Tombe of a slaine Knight.

BRave Youth; to whom Fate in one houre
Grave death, and Conqueſt by whoſe power
Thoſe chaines about my heart are wound,
With which the Foe my Kingdome bound,
Freed, and captiv'd by thee, I bring
For either Act an offering;
For victory, this wreath of Bay:
In ſigne of thraldome, downe I lay
Scepter and Crowne: Take from my ſight
Thoſe Royall Robes; ſince fortunes ſpight
Forbids me live thy Vertues prize,
Ile dye thy Valours ſacrifice.

To

To a Lady that desired I would love her.

1.

NOw you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you doe?
Shall I your mirth, or passion move
When I begin to woe;
Will you torment, or scorne, or love me too?

2.

Each petty beauty can disdaine, and I
Spight of your hate
Without your leave can see, and dye;
Dispence a nobler Fate,
Tis easie to destroy, you may create.

3.

Then give me leave to love, and love me too
Not with designe
To rayse, as Loves curst Rebels doe;
When puling Poets whine,
Fame to their beauty, from their blubbr'd eyne.

Griefe

4.

Griefe is a puddle, and reflects not cleare
Your beauties rayes,
Ioyes are pure ſtreames, your eyes appeare
Sullen in ſadder layes,
In cheerfull numbers they ſhine bright with prayſe.

5.

Which ſhall not mention to expreſſe you fayre
Wounds, flames, and darts,
Stormes in your brow, nets in your haire,
Suborning all your parts,
Or to betray, or torture captive hearts.

6.

I'le make your eyes like morning Suns appeare,
As mild, and faire
Your brow as Cryſtall ſmooth, and cleare,
And your diſhevell'd hayre
Shall flow like a calme Region of the Ayre,

7.

Rich Natures ſtore, (which is the Poets Treaſure)
I'le ſpend, to dreſſe
Your beauties, if your mine of Pleaſure
In equall thankfulneſſe
Will but unlocke, ſo we each other bleſſe.

Vpon

Vpon my Lord Chiefe Iustice his election of my Lady A. W. *for his Mistresse.*

1.

HEare this, and tremble all
Vsurping Beauties, that create
A government Tyrannicall
In Loves free state,
Iustice, hath to the sword of your edg'd eyes
His equall ballance joyn'd, his sage head lyes
In loves soft lap, which must be iust and wise.

2.

Harke how the sterne Law breathes
Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
No fetters, but of silken wreathes,
And, braded hayres;
His dreadfull Rods and Axes are exil'd
Whilst he sits crown'd with Roses, Love hath fild
His native roughnesse, Iustice is growne mild.

The

3.

The golden Age returnes,
Loves bowe, and quiver, uſeleſſe lye,
His ſhaft, his brand, nor wounds, nor burnes,
And cruelty
It ſunke to Hell, the fayre ſhall all be kind,
Who loves, ſhall be belov'd, the froward mind
To a deformed ſhape ſhall be confin'd.

4.

Aſtræa hath poſſeſt
An earthly ſeate, and now remaines
In Finches heart, but Wentworths breſt
That Gueſt containes;
With her ſhe dwels, yet hath not left the skies,
Nor loſt her Spheare, for new-enthron'd ſhe cryes
I know no Heaven but fayre Wentworths eyes.

To A.D. unreaſonable diſtruſtfull of her owne beauty.

FAyre Doris breake thy Glaſſe, it hath perplext
With a darke Comment, beauties cleareſt Text;
It hath not told thy faces ſtory true,
But brought falſe Copies to thy jealous view.
No colour, feature, lovely ayre, or grace,
That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
But thou maiſt reade in thine, or juſtly doubt
Thy Gleſſe hath beene ſummon'd to leave it out,
But if it offer to thy nice ſurvay
A ſpot, a ſtaine, a blemiſh, or decay,
It not belongs to thee, the treacherous light
Or faithleſſe ſtone, abuſe thy credulous ſight.
Perhaps the magique of thy face, hath wrought
Vpon th'enchanted Cryſtall, and ſo brought
Fantaſtick ſhadowes to delude thine eyes
With ayrie re-percuſſive ſorceries.
Or elſe th'enamoured Image pines away
For love of the faire Object, and ſo may
Waxe pale and wan, and though the ſubſtance grow
Lively and freſh, that may conſume with woe;

Gin

Give then no faith to the falſe ſpecular ſtone,
But let thy beauties by th'effects be knowne:
Looke (ſweeteſt Doris) on my love-ſick heart,
In that true mirrour ſee how faire thou art.
There, by Lovers never-erring Penſill drawne
Shalt thou behold thy face, like th'early dawne
Shoot through the ſhady covert of thy haire,
Enameling, and perfuming the calme Ayre
With Pearles, and Roſes, till thy Suns diſplay
Their lids, and let out the impriſon'd day.
Whilſt Delfique Prieſts, (enlightned by their Theam)
In amorous numbers count thy golden beame,
And from Loves Altars clouds of ſighes ariſe,
In ſmoaking Incenſe to adore thine eyes.
If then Love flow from Beauty as th'effect
How canſt thou the reſiſtleſſe cauſe ſuſpect
Who would not brand that Foole, that ſhould contend
There were no fire, where ſmoake and flames aſcend?
Diſtruſt is worſe then ſcorne, not to beleeve
My harmes, is greater wrong then not to grieve;
What cure can for my feſtring ſore be found,
Whilſt thou beleev'ſt thy beauty cannot wound?
Such humble thoughts more cruell Tyrants prove
Then all the pride that e're uſurp'd in Love,

For Beauties Herald, here denounceth war,
There her falſe ſpies betray me to a ſnare.
If fire diſguis'd in bals of ſnow were hurl'd
It unſuſpected might conſume the world;
Where our prevention ends, danger begins,
So Wolves in Sheepes, Lyons in Aſſes skins,
Might farre more miſchiefe worke, becauſe leſſe fear'd,
Thoſe, the whole flock, theſe, might kill all the herd;
Appeare then as thou art, breake through this cloud
Confeſſe thy beauty, though thou thence grow proud,
Be faire, though ſcornefull, rather let me find
Thee cruell, then thus mild, and more unkind;
Thy cruelty doth only me defie,
But theſe dull thoughts thee to thy ſelfe deny,
Whether thou meane to bartar, or beſtow
Thy ſelfe; 'tis fit thou thine owne valew know.
I will not cheate thee of thy ſelfe, nor pay
Leſſe for thee then th'art worth, thou ſhalt not ſay
That is but brittle glaſſe, which I have found
By ſtrict enquiry a firme Diamond.
I'le trade with no ſuch Indian foole as ſels
Gold, Pearles, and precious ſtones, for Beads and Bels;
Nor will I take a preſent from your hand,
Which you, or prize not, or not underſtand;

It not endeares your bounty that I doe
Esteeme your gift, unlesse you doe so too,
You undervalew me, when you bestow
On me, what you nor care for, nor yet know.
No (Lovely Doris) change thy thoughts, and be
In love first with thy selfe, and then with me.
You are afflicted that you are not fayre,
And I as much tormented that you are,
What I admire, you scorne; what I love, hate,
Through different faiths, both share an equall Fate,
Fast to the truth, which you renounce, I stick,
I dye a Martyr, you an Heretique.

To my friend G. N. from VVreſt.

I Breathe (ſweet Ghib:) the temperate ayre of Wreſt
Where I no more with raging ſtormes oppreſt,
Weare the cold nights out by the bankes of Tweed,
On the bleake Mountains, where fierce tempeſts bred,
And everlaſting Winter dwels; where milde
Favonius, and the Vernall winds exil'd,
Did never ſpread their wings: but the wild North
Brings ſterill Fearne, Thiſtles, and Brambles forth.
Here ſteep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant Earth,
Sends from her teeming wombe a flowrie birth,
And cheriſht with the warme Suns quickning heate,
Her porous boſome doth rich odours ſweat;
VVhoſe perfumes through the Ambient ayre diffuſe
Such native Aromatiques, as we uſe
No forraigne Gums, nor eſſence, fetcht from farre,
No Volatile ſpirits, nor compounds that are
Adulterate, but at Natures cheape expence
VVith farre more genuine ſweets refreſh the ſenſe.

Such

Such pure and uncompounded beauties, bleſſe
This Manſion with an uſefull comelineſſe.
Devoid of Art, for here the Architect
Did not with curious skill a Pile erect
Of carved Marble, Touch, or Porphery,
But built a houſe for hoſpitality;
No ſumptuous Chimney-peece of ſhining ſtone
Invites the ſtrangers eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertaines his ſight, but cleare
And cheerfull flames, cheriſh and warme him here:
No Dorique, nor Corinthian Pillars grace
VVith Imagery this ſtructures naked face,
The Lord and Lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, then ſeeme in ſight;
In ſtead of Statues to adorne their wall
They throng with living men, their merry Hall,
Where at large Tables fill'd with wholſome meats
The ſervant Tenant, and kind neighbour eates.
Some of that ranke, ſpun of a finer thred;
Are with the VVomen, Steward, and Chaplaine fed
VVith daintier cates; Others of better note
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the Heralds coat
Have ſever'd from the common, freely ſit
At the Lords Table, whoſe ſpread ſides admit

A large acceſſe of friends to fill thoſe ſeats
Of his capacious ſickle, fill'd with meats
Of choyceſt relliſh, till his Oaken back
Vnder the load of pil'd-up diſhes crack,
Nor thinke, becauſe our Piramids, and high
Exalted Turrets threaten not the sky,
That therefore Wreſt of narrowneſſe complaines
Or ſtreightned Walls, for ſhe more numerous trains
Of Noble gueſts daily receives, and thoſe
Can with farre more conveniencie diſpoſe
Then prouder Piles, where the vaine builder ſpent
More coſt in outward gay Embelliſhment
Then reall uſe: which was the ſole deſigne
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for ſervice. Amalthea's Horne
Of plenty is not in Effigie worne
Without the gate, but ſhe within the dore
Empties her free and unexhauſted ſtore.
Nor, crown'd with wheaten wreathes, doth Ceres ſtand
In ſtone, with a crook'd circle in her hand:
Nor, on a Marble Tunne, his face beſmear'd
With grapes, is curl'd uncizard Baechus rear'd.
VVe offer not in Emblemes to the eyes,
But to the taſte thoſe uſefull Deities.

Wee preſſe the juycie God, and quaffe his blood,
And grind the Yellow Goddeſſe into food.
Yet we decline not, all the worke of Art,
But where more bounteous Nature bears a part
And guides her Hand-maid, if ſhe but diſpence
Fit matter, ſhe with care and diligence
Employes her skill, for where the neighbour ſourſe
Powers forth her waters ſhe directs her courſe,
And entertaines the flowing ſtreames in deepe
And ſpacious channels, where they ſlowly creepe
In ſnaky windings, as the ſhelving ground
Leads them in circles, till they twice ſurround
This Iſland Manſion, which i'th' center plac'd,
Is with a double Cryſtall heaven embrac'd,
In which our watery conſtellations floate,
Our Fiſhes, Swans, our Water man and Boat,
Envy'd by theſe above, which wiſh to ſlake
Their ſtarre-burnt limbs, in our refreſhing lake,
But they ſtick faſt nay'ld to the barren Sphcare,
Whilſt our encreaſe infertile waters here
Diſport, and wander freely where they pleaſe
Within the circuit of our narrow Seas.
With various Trees wefringe the waters brinke,
Whoſe thirſty roots the ſoaking moyſture drinke.

And

And whoſe extended boughes in equall rankes
Yeeld fruit. and ſhade, and beauty to the banks.
On this ſide young Vertumnus ſits, and courts
His ruddy-cheek'd Pomona Zephyre ſports
On th'other, with lov'd Flora, yeelding there
Sweets for the ſmell, ſweets for the palate here.
But did you taſte the high and mighty drinke
Which from that Fountaine flowes, you'ld thinke
The God of Wine did his plumpe cluſters bring,
And cruſh the Falerne grape into our ſpring;
Or elſe diſguis'd in watery Robes did ſwim
To Ceres bed, and make her big of Him,
Begetting ſo himſelfe on Her: for know
Our Vintage here in March doth nothing owe
To theirs in Autumne, but our fire boyles here
As luſty liquor as the Sun makes there.
Thus I enjoy my ſelfe, and taſte the fruit
Of this bleſt Peace, whilſt toyl'd in the purſuit
Of Bucks, and Stags, th'embleme of warre you ſtrive
To keepe the memory of our Armes alive.

A New

A New-yeares gift. To the King.

LOoke back old Ianus, and ſurvey
From Times birth, till this new-borne day,
All the ſucceſſefull ſeaſon bound
With Lawrell wreathes, and Trophies crown'd;
Turne o're the Annals paſt, and where
Happy auſpitious dayes appeare,
Mark'd with the whiter ſtone, that caſt
On the darke brow of th'Ages paſt
A dazeling luſter, let them ſhine
In this ſucceeding circles twine,
Till it be round with glories ſpread,
Then with it crowne our CHARLES his head,
That we th'enſuing yeare may call
One great continued feſtivall.
Freſh joyes in varied formes apply,
To each diſtinct captivity.
Seaſon his cares by day with nights
Crown'd with all conjugall delights,

May

May the choyce beauties that enflame
His Royall breaſt be ſtill the ſame,
And he ſtill thinke them ſuch, ſince more
Thou canſt not give from Natures ſtore.
Then as a Father let him be
With numerous iſſue bleſt, and ſee
The faire and God-like off-ſpring growne
From budding ſtars to Suns full blowne.
Circle with peacefull Olive bowes,
And conquering Bayes, his Regall browes.
Let his ſtrong vertues over-come,
And bring him bloodleſſe Trophies home;
Strew all the pavements, where he treads
With loyall hearts, or Rebels heads;
But Byfront, open thou no more,
In his bleſt raigne the Temple dore.

To

To the Queene.

THou great Commandreſſe, that doeſt move
Thy Scepter o're the Crowne of Love,
And through his Empire with the Awe
Of Thy chaſte beames, doeſt give the Law.
From his prophaner Altars, we
Turne to adore Thy Deitie:
He, only can wild luſt provoke,
Thou, thoſe impurer flames canſt choke;
And where he ſcatters looſer fires,
Thou turn'ſt them into chaſt deſires:
His Kingdome knowes no rule but this,
What ever pleaſeth lawfull is;
Thy ſacred Lore ſhewes us the path
Of Modeſty, and conſtant faith,
VVhich makes the rude Male ſatisfied
VVith one faire Female by his ſide;
Doth either ſex to each unite,
And forme loves pure Hermophradite.
To this Thy faith, behold the wild
Satyr already reconcil'd,

Who from the influence of Thine eye
Harh ſuckt the deepe Divinity;
O free them then, that they may teach,
The Centaur and the Horſman preach
To Beaſts and Birds, ſweetly to reſt
Each in his proper Lare and neſt:
They ſhall convey it to the floud,
Till there Thy law be underſtood.
So ſhalt thou with thy pregnant fire,
The water, earth, and ayre, inſpire.

To

To the New-yeare for the Countesse of Carlile,

GIve Lucinda Pearle, nor Stone,
Lend them light who elſe have none,
Let Her beauty ſhine alone.

Gums nor ſpice bring from the Eaſt,
For the Phenix in Her breaſt
Builds his funerall Pile, and neſt.

No tyre thou canſt invent,
Shall to grace her forme be ſent,
She adornes all ornament.

Give Her nothing, but reſtore
Thoſe ſweet ſmiles which heretofore,
In Her chearfull eyes ſhe wore.

Drive thoſe envious clouds away,
Vailes that have o're-caſt my day,
And ecclips'd Her brighter ray.

Let the royall Goth mow downe
This yeares harveſt with his owne
Sword, and ſpare Lucinda's frowne.

Ianus, if when next I trace
Thoſe ſweet lines, I in her face
Reade the Charter of my grace,

Then from bright Apollo's tree,
Such a Garland wreath'd ſhall be,
As ſhall Crowne both Her and thee.

To

To my Honoured friend, Master Thomas May, *upon his Comedie,* The Heire.

THe Heire being borne, was in his tender age
Rockt in the Cradle of a priivate Stage,
Where lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the first day fairely stand,
Since having gather'd strength, he dares preferre
His steps into the publike Theater
The world: where he dispaires not but to find
A doome from men more able, not lesse kind;
I but his Vsher am, yet if my word
May passe, I dare be bound he will afford
Things must deserve a welcome, if well knowne
Such as best writers would have wisht their owne,
You shall observe his words in order meet,
And softly stealing on with equall feet
Slide into even numbers, with such grace
As each word had beene moulded for that place,
You shall perceive an amorous passion, spunne
Into so smooth a web, as had the Sunne

When he purſu'd the ſwiftly flying Maid,
Courted her in ſuch language, ſhe had ſtaid,
A love ſo well expreſt, muſt be the ſame
The Author felt himſelfe from his faire flame:
The whole plot doth alike it ſelfe diſcloſe
Through the five Acts, as doth the Lock that goes
With letters, for till every one be knowne,
The Lock's as faſt, as if you had found none.
And where his ſportive Muſe doth draw a thread
Of mirth, chaſt Matrons may not bluſh to reade.
Thus have I thought it fitter to reveale
My want of art (deare friend then to conceale
My love, It did appeare I did not meane
So to commend thy well-wrought Comick-ſcene,
As men might judge my ayme rather to be,
To gaine prayſe to my ſelfe, then give it thee;
Though I can give thee none, but what thou haſt
Deſerv'd, and what muſt my faint breath out-laſt.
Yet was this garment (though I skilleſſe be,
To take thy meaſure) only made for thee,
And if it prove too ſcant, 'tis cauſe the ſtuffe
Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

To

To my worthy friend Master Geo. Sands, *on his translation of the Psalmes.*

I Presse not to the Quire, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallowed feet;
My unwasht Muse, polutes not things Divine.
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine;
Here, humbly at the porch she stayes,
And with glad eares sucks in thy sacred layes.
So, devout penitents of Old were wont,
Some without doore, and some beneath the Font,
To stand and heare the Churches Liturgies,
Yet not assist the solemne exercise:
Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gaine,
To trim thy Vestments, or but beare thy traine;
Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy Larke,
Her Lyrick feet may dance before the Arke.
Who knowes, but that her wandring eyes that run,
Now hunting Glow-wormes, may adore the Sun,
A pure flame may, shot by Almighty power
Into her brest, the earthy flame devoure.

My eyes, in penitentiall dew may steepe
That brine, which they for sensuall love did weepe.
So (though 'gainst Natures course) fire may be quencht
With fire, and water be with water drencht;
Perhaps my restlesse soule, tyr'de with pursuit
Of mortall beauty, seeking without fruit
Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quencht all her thirst, nor satisfi'd, though cloy'd;
Weary of her vaine search below, Above
In the first faire may find th'immortall Love.
Prompted by thy example then, no more
In moulds of clay will I my God adore;
But teare those Idols from my heart, and write
What his blest Spirit, not fond Love shall indite;
Then, I no more shall court the verdant Bay,
But the dry leaveleſſe Trunke on Golgotha;
And rather strive to gaine from thence one Thorne,
Then all the flourishing wreathes by Laureats worne.

To

To my much honoured friend, HENRY *Lord* CARY *of* Lepington, *upon his tranſlation of* MALVEZZI.

My Lord,

IN every triviall worke 'tis knowne
Tranſlators muſt be maſters of their owne,
And of their Authors language, but your taske
A greater latitude of skill did aske.
For your Malvezzi firſt requir'd a man
To teach him ſpeake vulgar Italian:
His matter's ſo ſublime, ſo now his phraſe,
So farre above the ſtile of Bemboe's dayes;
Old Varchies rules, or what the Truſca yet
For currant Truſcan mintage will admit,
As I beleeve your Marqueſſe, by a good
Part of his Natives hardly underſtood.
You muſt expect no happier fate, 'tis true
He is of noble birth, of nobler you:
So nor your thoughts, nor words fit common eares,
He writes, and you tranſlate, both to your Peeres.

To my worthy Friend, Maſter D'AVENANT, *Vpon his excellent Play,* The Iuſt Italian.

I'Le not miſpend in praiſe, the narrow roome
I borrow in this leaſe; the Garlands bloome
From thine own ſeeds, that crowne each glorious page
Of thy triumphant worke: the ſullen Age
Requires a Satyre. What ſtarre guides the ſoule
Of theſe our froward times, that dare controule,
Yet dare not learne to judge? When didſt thou fly
From hence, cleare, candid Ingenuity?
I have beheld, when pearch'd on the ſmooth brow
Of a faire modeſt troope, thou didſt allow
Applauſe to ſlighter workes; but then the weake
Spectator, gave the knowing leave to ſpeake.
Now noyſe prevailes, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit, that with the cry, ſpends not his mouth.
Yet aske him, reaſon why he did not like;
Him, why he did; their ignorance will ſtrike
Thy ſoule with ſcorne, and pitty: marke the places
Provoke their ſmiles, frownes, or diſorted faces,
When, they admire, nod, ſhake the head: they'le be
A ſcene of myrth, a double Comedy.

But

Bnt thy ſtrong fancies (raptures of the braine,
Dreſt in Poeticke flames) they entertaine
As a bold, impious reach; for they'le ſtill ſlight
All that exceeds Red Bull, and Cockpit flight,
Theſe are the men in crowded heape that throng
To that adulterate ſtage, where not a tong
Of th'untun'd Kennell, can a line repeat
Of ſerious ſenſe: but like lips, meet like meat;
Whilſt the true brood of Actors, that alone
Keepe naturall unſtrain'd Action in her throne
Behold their Benches bare, though they rehearſe
The terſer Beaumonts or great Iohnſons verſe.
Repine not Thou then, ſince this churliſh fate
Rules not the ſtage alone; perhaps the State
Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good,
Have by the Rabble been miſ-underſtood.
So was thy Play; whoſe cleare, yet lofty ſtraine,
Wiſemen, that governe Fate, ſhall entertaine.

To the Reader of Master William Davenant's Play.

IT hath beene ſaid of old, that Playes are Feaſts,
Poets the Cookes, and the Spectators Gueſts,
The Actors Waitors: From this Similie,
Some have deriv'd an unſafe liberty
To uſe their judgements as their Taſtes, which chuſe
Without controule, this Diſh, and that refuſe:
But Wit allowes not this large Priviledge,
Either you muſt confeſſe, or feele it's edge;
Nor ſhall you make a currant inference
If you tranſfer your reaſon to your ſenſe:
Things are diſtinct, and muſt the ſame appeare
To every piercing Eye, or well-tun'd Eare. (meet:
Though ſweets with yours, ſharpes beſt with my taſte
Both muſt agree, this meat's, or ſharpe or ſweet:
But if I ſent a ſtench, or a perfume,
Whilſt you ſmell nought at all, I may preſume
You have that ſenſe imperfect: So you may
Affect a ſad, merry, or humerous Play,

If, though the kind diſtaſte or pleaſe, the Good
And Bad, be by your Iudgement underſtood;
But if, as in this Play, where with delight
I feaſt my Epicurean appetite
With relliſhes ſo curious, as diſpence
The utmoſt pleaſure to the raviſht ſenſe,
You ſhould profeſſe that you can nothing meet
That hits your taſte, either with ſharpe or ſweet,
But cry out, 'tis inſipid; your bold Tongue
May doe it's Maſter, not the Author wrong;
For Men of better Pallat will by it
Take the juſt elevation of your Wit.

TO MY FRIEND, WILL: DAVENANT.

I Crowded 'mongſt the firſt, to ſee the Stage
(Inſpir'd by thee) ſtrike wonder in our age,
By thy bright fancie dazled. Where each Scene
Wrought like a charme, and forc't the audience leane
To th'paſſion of thy Pen, thence Ladies went
(Whoſe abſence Lovers ſigh'd for) to repent
Their unkind ſcorne; And Courtiers, who by art
Made love before, with a converted heart,
To wed thoſe Virgins, whom they woo'd t'abuſe;
Both rendred Hymen's proſ'lits by thy Muſe.
But others who were proofe 'gainſt Love, did ſit
To learne the ſubtle Dictats of thy Wit;
And as each profited, tooke his degree,
Maſter, or Batchelor, in Comedy.
Wee, of th'adult'rate mixture not complaine,
But thence more Characters of Vertue gaine;

More pregnant Patternes, of transcendent Worth,
Than barren and insipid Frute brings forth:
So, oft the Bastard nobler fortune meets,
Than the dull Issue of the lawfull sheets.

To

The Comparison.

DEareſt, thy treſſes are not threads of gold,
Thy eyes of Diamonds, nor doe I hold
Thy lips for Rubies: Thy faire cheeks to be
Freſh Roſes; or thy teeth of Ivory:
Thy skin that doth thy dainty body ſheath
Not Alablaſter is, nor doſt thou breath
Arabian odours, thoſe the earth brings forth
Compar'd with which, would but impaire thy worth.
Such may be others Miſtreſſes, but mine
Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
Thy treſſes are thoſe rayes that doe ariſe
Not from one Sunne, but two; Such are thy eyes;
Thy lips congealed Nectar are, and ſuch
As but a Deitie, there's none dare touch
The perfect crimſon that thy cheek doth cloath
(But only that it farre exceeds them both)
Aurora's bluſh reſembles, or that red
That Iris ſtruts in when her mantle's ſpred,
Thy teeth in white doe Leda's Swan exceed,
Thy skin's a heavenly and immortall weede

And when thou breath'ſt, the winds are ready ſtrait
To filch it from thee, and doe therefore wait
Cloſe at thy lips, and ſnatching it from thence
Beare it to Heaven, where 'tis Ioves frankincenſe:
Faire Goddeſſe, ſince thy feature makest hee one,
Yet be not ſuch for theſe reſpects alone;
But as you are divine in outward view
So be within as faire, as good, as true.

The

The Enquiry.

AMongſt the myrtles as I walk't,
Love and my ſighes thus intertalk't,
Tell me (ſaid I in deepe diſtreſſe)
Where may I find my ſhepherdeſſe?

Thou foole (ſaid love) knowſt thou not this
In every thing that's good ſhe is;
In yonder Tulip goe and ſeeke,
There thou maiſt find her lip, her cheeke.

In yon ennammel'd Panſie by,
There thou ſhalt have her curious eye;
In bloome of Peach, in Roſie bud,
There wave the ſtreamers of her blood.

In brighteſt Lillies that there ſtands,
The emblems of her whiter hands.
In yonder riſing hill there ſmels
Such ſweets as in her boſome dwels.

'Tis true (ſaid I) and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one:

To make of parts a union
But on a ſuddaine all was gone.

With that I ſtopt, ſaid love theſe be,
(Fond man) reſemblances of thee,
And as theſe flowres, thy joyes ſhall die,
Even in the twinkling of an eye.
And all thy hopes of her ſhall wither,
Like theſe ſhort ſweets, thus knit together.

The.

The Sparke.

MY first love whom all beauties did adorne:
Firing my heart ſuppreſt it with her ſcorne,
Sun-like to tinder in my breaſt it lies,
By every ſparkle made a ſacrifice.
Each wanton eye now kindles my deſire,
And that is free to all that was entire:
Deſiring more, by thee (deſire) I loſt,
As thoſe that in conſumptions hunger moſt,
And now my wandring thoughts are not confind
Vnto one woman, but to woman kind;
This for her ſhape of love, that for her face,
This for her geſture, or ſome other grace,
And where I none of theſe doe uſe to find,
I chooſe thereby the kernell not the rind:
And ſo I hope ſince my firſt hopes are gone,
To find in many what I loſt in one,
And like to Merchants after ſome great loſſe,
Trade by retayle, that cannot now ingroſſe.
The fault is hers that made me goe aſtray,
He needs muſt wander that hath loſt his way.

Guiltleſſe

Guiltleſſe I am ſhe did this change provoke,
And made that charcoale which to her was oake,
And as a Looking-glaſſe from the aſpect,
Whilſt it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
But being crack't, or broken there are ſhowne,
Many halfe faces, which at firſt were one.
So love unto my heart did firſt proffer
Her Image, and there planted none but her,
But ſince 'twas broke and martyr'd by her ſcorne,
Many leſſe faces in her face are borne,
Thus like to tynder am I prone to catch
Each falling ſparkle, fit for any match.

The Complement.

O My deareſt I ſhall grieve thee
When I ſweare, yet ſweet beleeve me,
By thine eyes the tempting booke
On which even crabbed old men looke
I ſweare to thee, (though none abhorre them)
Yet I doe not love thee for them.

I doe not love thee for that faire,
Rich fanne of th moſt curious haire;
Though the wires thereof be drawne
Finer then the threads of lawne,
And are ſofter then the leaves
On which the ſubtle ſpinner weaves:

I doe not love thee for thoſe flowers,
Growing on thy cheeks (loves bowers)
Though ſuch cunning them hath ſpread
None can paint them white and red:
Loves golden arrowes thence are ſhot,
Yet for them I love thee not

I doe not love thee for thoſe ſoft,
Red corrall lips I've kiſt ſo oft;
Nor teeth of pearle, the double guard
To ſpeech, whence muſick ſtill is heard;
Though from thoſe lips kiſſe being taken,
Might tyrants melt and death awaken.

I doe not love thee (O my faireſt)
For that richeſt, for that rareſt
Silver pillar which ſtands under
Thy round head, that globe of wonder;
Though that necke be whiter farre,
Then towers of polliſht Ivory are.

I doe not love thee for thoſe mountaines
Hill'd with ſnow, whence milkey fountaines,
(Suger'd ſweets, as ſirropt berries)
Muſt one day run through pipes of cherries;
O how much thoſe breaſts do move me,
Yet for them I doe not love thee.

I doe not love thee for that belly,
Sleeke as ſatten, ſoft as jelly,
Though within that Chriſtall round
Heapes of treaſure might be found,

So rich that for the beſt of them,
A King might leave his Diadem.

I doe not love thee for thoſe thighes,
Whoſe Alablaſter rocks doe uſe
So high and even that they ſtand
Like Sea-markes to ſome happy land;
Happy are thoſe eyes have ſeene them,
More happy they that ſayle betweene them.

I love thee not for thy moyſt palme,
Though the dew thereof be balme:
Nor for thy pretty legge and foot;
Although it be the precious root,
On which this goodly Cedar growes,
(Sweet) I love thee not for thoſe.

Nor for thy wit though pure and quick,
Whoſe ſubſtance no Arithmetick
Can number downe: nor for thoſe charmes
Mask't in thy embracing armes.
Though in them one night to lye,
Deareſt, I would gladly die.

I love not for thoſe eyes, nor haire,
Nor cheeks, nor lips, nor teeth ſo rare.

Nor for thy ſpeech, thy neck, nor breaſt,
Nor for thy belly, nor the reſt:
Nor for thy hand, nor foot ſo ſmall,
But wouldſt thou know (deare ſweet) for all.

On sight of a Gentlewomans face in the water.

STand still you floods doe not deface,
That Image which you beare:
So Votaries from every place,
To you shall Altars reare.

No winds but Lovers sighs blowes here,
To trouble these glad streames,
On which no starre from any Spheare,
Did ever dart such beames.

To Christall then in haste congeale,
Least you should loose your blisse:
And to my cruell faire reveale,
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious Nymphs shall feare,
Their beauties will be scorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to teare,
That face which you adorn'd,

Then rage and foame amaine that we,
Their malice may deſpiſe:
When from your froath we ſoone ſhall ſee,
A ſecond Venus riſe.

A Song.

Aske me no more where Iove *bestowes,*
When Iune *is past the fading rose:*
For in your beauties orient deepe,
These Flowers as in their causes, sleepe.

Aske me no more whether doth stray,
The golden Atomes of the day:
For in pure love heaven did prepare,
Those powders to inrich your haire.

Aske me no more whether doth hast,
The Nightingale when May is past:
For in your sweet dividing throat,
She winters and keeps warme her note.

Aske me no more where those starres light,
That downewards fall in dead of night:
For in your eyes they sit, and there,
Fixed, become as in their sphere.

Aske me no more if East or West,
The Phenix builds her spicy nest:

For unto you at laſt ſhe flyes,
And in your fragrant boſome dies.

Song.

WOuld you know what's ſoft? I dare,
Not bring you to the downe, or ayre:
Nor to ſtarres to ſhew what's bright,
Nor to ſnow to teach you white.

Nor if you would Muſicke heare,
Call the orbes to take your eare:
Nor to pleaſe your ſenſe bring forth,
Bruiſed Nard or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac't,
Bring you Nectar, for a taſte:
Would you have all theſe in one,
Name my Miſtris, and 'tis done.

The ſecond Rapture.

NOw worldling, no, tis not thy gold,
Which thou doſt uſe but to behold;
Nor fortune, hon o ur, nor long life,
Children, or friends, nor a good wife,
That makes thee happy; theſe things be
But ſhaddowes of felicity.
Give me a wench about thirteene,
Already voted to the Queene
Of luſt and lovers, whoſe ſoft haire,
Fann'd with the breath of gentle ayre
O're ſpreads her ſhoulders like a tent,
And is her vaile and ornament:
Whoſe tender touch, will make the blood
Wild in the aged, and the good.
Whoſe kiſſes faſtned to the mouth,
Of threeſcore yeares and longer ſlouth
Renew the age, and whoſe bright eye,
Obſcure thoſe leſſer lights of ſky,
Whoſe ſnowy breaſts (if we may call
That ſnow, that never melts at all)

Makes

Makes Iove invent a new diſguiſe,
In ſpite of Iuno's jealouſies:
Whoſe every part doth re-invite,
The old decayed appetite:
And in whoſe ſweet imbraces I,
May melt my ſelfe to luſt, and die.
This is true bliſſe, and I confeſſe,
There is no other happineſſe.

The

The Hue and Cry.

IN loves name you are charg'd hereby,
To make a ſpeedy Hue and Cry,
After a face which t'other day,
Stole my wandring heart away.
To direct you theſe (in briefe)
Are ready markes to know the thiefe.
Her haire a net of beames would prove,
Strong enough to captive Iove
In his Eagle ſhape; Her brow,
Is a comely field of ſnow.
Her eye ſo rich, ſo pure a gray,
Every beame creates a day.
And if ſhee but ſleepe (not when
The Sun ſets) 'tis night agen.
In her cheeks are to be ſeene,
Of flowers both the King and Queene,
Thither by the graces led,
And freſhly laid in nuptiall bed.
On whom lips like Nymphes doe waite,
Who deplore their virgin ſtate,

Oft they bluſh, and bluſh for this,
That they one another kiſſe,
But obſerve beſides the reſt,
You ſhall know this Fellon be ſt,
By her tongue, for if your eare
Once a heavenly muſick heare,
Such as neither Gods nor Men,
But from that voice, ſhall heare agen,
That, that is ſhe. O ſtrait ſurpriſe,
And bring her unto loves Aſſize:
If you let her goe ſhe may,
Antedate the latter day,
Fate and Philoſophy controle,
And leave the world without a ſoule.

To

To his Mistris confined.

Song.

O Thinke not Phœbe, 'cause a cloud,
Doth now thy silver brightnesse shrowd,
My wandring eye
Can stoope to common beauties of the Sky.
Rather be kind, and this Eclipse,
Shall neither hinder eye nor lips,
For wee shall meet,
Within our hearts and kisse, and none shall see't.

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,
Without some living signe of me;
When thou dost spy,
A Sun beame peepe into the roome, 'tis I
For I am hid within flame,
And thus into thy chamber came,
To let thee see,
In what a martyrdome I burne for thee.

When thou dost touch thy Lute thou mayest,
Thinke on my heart, on which thou playest:

When each ſad tone,

Vpon the ſtrings doth ſhew my deeper groane.

When thou doſt pleaſe, they ſhall rebound,

With nimble ayres ſtruck to the ſound,

Of thy owne voyce ;

O thinke how much I tremble and rejoyce.

There's no ſad picture that doth dwell,

Vpon thy Arras wall, but well

Reſembles me.

No matter though our age doe not agree,

Love can make old, as well as time,

And he that doth but twenty clime,

If hee dare prove,

As true as I, ſhewes fourſcore yeares in love.

The Primroſe.

ASke me why I ſend you here,
This firſtling of the infant yeare,
Aske me why I ſend to you,
This Primroſe all bepearl d with dew.
I ſtrait will whiſper in your eares,
The ſweets of love are waſh't with teares.

Aske me why this flower doth ſhew,
So yellow greene and ſickly too:
Aske me why the ſtalke is weake,
And bending yet it doth not breake;
I muſt tell you theſe diſcover,
What doubts and feares are in a Lover.

The tinder.

OF what mould did nature frame me?
Or was it her intent to ſhame me,
That no woman can come neere me
Faire, but her I court to heare me?
Sure that miſtris to whoſe beauty
Firſt I paid a Lovers duty,
Burnt in rage my heart to tinder;
That nor prayers, nor teares can hinder,
But where ever I doe turne me,
Every ſparke let fall doth burne me,
Women ſince you thus inflame me,
Flint and ſteele I'le ever name yee.

A Song.

IN her fayre cheeks two pits doe lye,
To bury those slaine by her eye,
So spight of death this comforts me,
That fairely buried I shall be.
My grave with rose and lilly spread,
O'tis a life to be so dead.
Come then and kill me with thy eye,
For if thou let me live, I dye.

When I behold those lips againe,
Reviving what those eyes have slaine,
With kisses sweet, whose balsome pure,
Loves wounds as soone as made, can cure.
Me thinks 'tis sicknesse to be sound,
And there's no health to such a wound.
Come then, &c.

When in her chaste breast I behold,
Those downy mounts of snow ne'r cold,
And those blest hearts her beauty kils,
Reviv'd by climing those fayre hils.

Mee thinkes there's life in ſuch a death,
And ſo t'expire, inſpires new breath.
Come then, &c.

Nymphe ſince no death is deadly, where
Such choyce of Antidotes are neere,
And your keene eyes but kill in vaine,
Thoſe that are ſound, as ſoone as ſlaine,
That I no longer dead ſurvive,
Your way's to bury me alive
In Cupids cave, where happy I,
May dying live, and living dye.
Come then and kill me with thy eye,
For if thou let me live, I die.

The Carver.

To his Miſtris.

A Carver having lov'd too long in vaine,
Hew'd out the portraiture of Venus Sunne
In marble rocke, upon the which did raine
Small driſling drops that from a fount did runne.
Imagining the drops would either weare
His fury out, or quench his living flame:
But when hee ſaw it bootleſſe did appeare,
He ſwore the water did augment the ſame.
So I that ſeeke in verſe to carve thee out,
Hoping thy beauty will my flame allay,
Viewing my lines impoliſh t all throughout,
Find my will rather to my love obey:
That with the Carver I my worke doe blame,
Finding it ſtill th'augmenter of my flame.

To the Painter.

FOnd man that hop'ſt to catch that face,
With thoſe falſe colours, whoſe ſhort grace
Serves but to ſhew the Lookers on,
The faults of thy preſumption.
Or at the leaſt to let us ſee,
That is divine, but yet not ſhee.
Say you could imitate the rayes,
Of thoſe eyes that out-ſhine the dayes,
Or counterfeit in red and white,
That moſt uncounterfeited light
Of her complexion; yet canſt thou,
(Great Maſter though thou be) tell how
To paint a vertue? Then deſiſt,
This faire, your Artifice hath miſt:
You ſhould have markt how ſhe begins,
To grow in vertue, not in ſinnes:
Inſtead of that ſame roſie die,
You ſhould have drawne out modeſty,
Whoſe beauty ſits enthroned there.
And learne to looke and bluſh at her.

Or can you colour just the same,
When vertue blushes, or when shame:
When sickness, and when innocence,
Shewes pale or white unto the sense?
Can such course varnish ere be sed,
To imitate her white and red?
This may doe well else-where in Spaine,
Among those faces died in graine,
So you may thrive, and what you doe,
Prove the best picture of the two.
Besides (if all I heare be true)
Tis taken ill by some, that you
Should be so insolently vaine,
As to contrive all that rich gaine
Into one tablet, which alone
May teach us superstition;
Instructing our amazed eyes,
To admire and worship Imag'ries,
Such as quickly might out shine
Some new Saint, wer't allow'd a shrine,
And turne each wandring looker on,
Into a new Pigmaleon
Yet your Art cannot equalize,
This Picture in her Lovers eyes.

His eyes the pencils are which limbe,
Her truly, as her's coppy him,
His heart the Tablet which alone,
Is for that porctraite the tru'ſt ſtone,
If you would a truer ſee,
Markeit intheir poſterity;
And you ſhall read it truly there,
When the glad world ſhall ſee their Heire,

The

Loves Courtſhip.

KIſſe lovely Celia and be kind,
Let my deſires freedome find,
Sit thee downe,
And we will make the Gods confeſſe,
Mortals enjoy ſome happineſſe.

Mars would disdaine his Miſtris charmes,
If he beheld thee in my armes,
And deſcend,
Thee his mortall Queene to make,
Or live as mortall for thy ſake.

Venus muſt looſe her title now,
And leave to brag of Cupid's bow,
Silly Queene,
She hath but one, but I can ſpy,
Ten thouſand Cupids in thy eye.

Nor may the Sunne behold our bliſſe,
For ſure thy eyes doe dazle his
If thou feare.

That he'll betray thee with his light,
Let me eclipſe thee from his ſight.

And while I ſhade thee from his eye,
Oh let me heare thee gently cry,

Celia yeelds.

Maids often looſe their Maiden-head,
Ere they ſet foot in Nuptiall bed.

On

On a Damaske roſe ſticking upon a Ladies breaſt.

LEt pride grow big my roſe, and let the cleare
And damaske colour of thy leaves appeare.
Let ſcent and lookes be ſweet and bleſſe that hand,
That did tranſplant thee to that ſacred land.
O happy thou that in that garden reſt's,
That Paradiſe betweene that Ladies breaſts.
There's an eternall ſpring there ſhalt thou lie,
Betwixt two lilly mounts, and never die.
There ſhalt thou ſpring amongſt the fertile vallies,
By buds like thee that grow in midſt of Allyes.
There none dare plucke thee, for that place is ſuch
That but a good devine, there's none dare touch,
If any but approach, ſtraite doth ariſe
A bluſhing lightning flaſh; and blaſts his eyes.
There ſtead of raine ſhall living fountaines flow,
For wind her fragrant breath for ever blow.
Nor now, as earſt, one Sun ſhall on thee ſhine,
But thoſe two glorious ſuns, her eyes devine.

O then what Monarch would not think't a grace,
To leave his Regall throne to have thy place.
Myſelfe to gaine thy bleſſed ſeat doe vow,
Would be transform'd into a roſe as thou.

The

The Proteſtation a Sonnet.

NO more ſhall meads be deckt with Flowers,
Nor ſweetneſſe dwell in roſie bowers:
Nor greeneſt buds on branches ſpring,
Nor warbling birds delight to ſing,
Nor Aprill violets paint the grove,
If I forſake my Celias love.

The fiſh ſhall in the Ocean burne,
And fountaines ſweet ſhall bitter turne,
The humble Oake no flood ſhall know,
When floods ſhall higheſt hils ore-flow.
Black Læthe ſhall oblivion leave,
If ere my Celia I deceive.

Love ſhall his bow and ſhaft lay by,
And Venus doves want wings to fly:
The Sun refuſe to ſhew his light,
And day ſhall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no ſtarre appeare,
If once I leave my Celia deare.

Love ſhall no more inhabit earth,
Nor Lovers more ſhall love for worth,
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor paine torment poore ſoules in hell.
Grim death no more ſhall horrid prove,
If ere I leave bright Celias *Love.*

The

The tooth-ach cured by a kisse.

FAte's now growne mercifull to men,
Turning disease to blisse:
For had not kind Rheume vext me then,
I might not Celia kisse.
Phisitians you are now my scorne:
For I have found a way:
To cure diseases (when forlorne
By your dull Art) which may
Patch up a body for a time,
But can restore to health,
No more then Chimists can sublime
True Gold, the Indies wealth.
That Angell sure that us'd to move
The poole, men so admir'd,
Hath to her lip the seat of love,
As to his heaven retir'd.

To his jealous Mistris.

ADmit (thou darling of mine eyes)
I have some Idoll lately fram'd:
That under such a false disguise,
Our true loves might the lesse be sam'd,
Canst thou that knowest my heart suppose,
Ile fall from thee, and worship those.

Remember (deare) how loath and slow,
I was to cast a looke or smile,
Or one love-line to mis-bestow,
Till thou hadst chang'd both face and stile,
And art thou growne afraid to see,
That maske put on thou mad'st for me.

I dare not call those childish feares,
Comming from love, much lesse from thee,
But wash away with frequent teares,
This counterfeit Idolatry,
And henceforth kneele at ne're a shrine,
To blind the world, but only thine.

The Dart.

OFt when I looke I may descry,
A little face peepe through that eye,
Sure that's the boy which wisely chose,
His throne among such beames as those,
Which if his quiver chance to fall:
May serve for darts to kill withall.

The

The Miſtake.

VVHen on faire Celia I did ſpy,
A wounded heart of ſtone;
The wound had almoſt made me cry,
Sure this heart was my owne.

But when I ſaw it was enthron'd,
In her celeſtiall breaſt:
O then! I it no longer own'd,
For mine was ne're ſo bleſt.

Yet if in higheſt heavens doe ſhine,
Each conſtant Martyrs heart:
Then ſhe may well give reſt to mine,
That for her ſake doth ſmart.

Where ſeated in ſo high a bliſſe,
Though wounded it ſhall live:
Death enters not in Paradiſe,
The place free life doth give.

Or if the place leſſe ſacred were,
Did but her ſaving eye,

Bath my ſick heart in one kind teare,
Then ſhould I never dye.

Slight balmes may heale a ſlighter ſore,
No medicine leſſe divine,
Can ever hope for to reſtore,
A wounded heart like mine.

To

To my Lord Admirall on his late ſickneſſe, and recovery.

VVIth joy like ours, the Thracian youth invade
Orpheus, returning from th' Elyſian ſhade,
Embrace the Heroe, and his ſtay implore,
Make it their publike ſuit he would no more
Deſert ~~them~~ them ſo, and for his Spouſes ſake
His vaniſht love, tempt the Lethæan Lake,
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to climbe,
Their doubtfull hopes with expectation feed,
Which ſhall the faire Euridice ſucceed;
Euridice, for whom his numerous moane
Makes liſtning Trees, and ſavage Mountaines groane,
Through all the Ayre his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow like that, which touch'd our hearts of late,
Your pining ſickneſſe, and your reſtleſſe paine,
At once the Land affecting, and the Mayne,

When the glad newes that you were Admirall,
Scarce through the Nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great CHARLES, whoſe wiſdome ſhines in (you
Should be perplexed how to chuſe a new:
So more then private was the joy and griefe,
That at the worſt it gave our ſoules reliefe,
That in our Age ſuch ſenſe of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd.

Nature, her faireſt light ecclipſed, ſeemes
Her ſelfe to ſuffer in theſe ſad extreames,
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the world admires.
The ſtem thus threatned, and the ſap, in thee
Droope all the branches of that noble Tree,
Their beauties they, and we our love ſuſpend,
Nought can our wiſhes, ſave thy health intend;
As Lillies over-charg'd with raine they bend,
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend,
Fold thee within their ſnowy armes, and cry,
He is too faultleſſe, and too young to die:
So like Immortals, round about thee Thay
Sit, that they fright approaching death away.
Who would not languiſh, by ſo faire a traine,
To be lamented, and reſtor'd againe?

Or thus with-held, what haſty ſoule would goe,
Though to the Bleſt? Ore young Adonis ſo
Faire Venus mourn'd, and with the precious ſhowre
Of her warme teares cheriſht the ſpringing flower.
The next ſupport, faire hope, of your great name,
And ſecond Pillar of that noble frame,
By loſſe of thee would no advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſues thee to thy grave.
And now relentleſſe Fate about to end
The line, which backward doth ſo farre extend,
That Antique ſtock, which ſtill the world ſupplies
With braveſt ſpirits, and with brighteſt eyes,
Kind Phæbus interpoſing bade me ſtay,
Such ſtormes no more ſhall ſhake that houſe, but ſay
Like Neptune, and his Sea-borne Neece ſhall be
The ſhining glories of the Land and Sea,
With courage guard, and beauty warme our Age,
And Lovers fill with like Poetique rage.

On Miſtris N. to the greene ſickneſſe.

STay coward blood, and doe not yield
To thy pale ſiſter, beauties field,
Who there diſplaying round her white
Enſignes, hath uſurp'd thy night;
Invading thy peculiar throne,
The lip, where thou ſhouldſt rule alone;
And on the cheeke, where natures care
Allotted each an equall ſhare,
Her ſpreading Lilly only growes,
Whoſe milky deluge drownes thy Roſe.
Quit not the field faint blood, nor ruſh
In the ſhort ſalley of a bluſh,
Vpon thy ſiſter foe, but ſtrive
To keepe an endleſſe warre alive;
Though peace doe petty States maintaine,
Here warre alone makes beauty raigne.

Vpon a Mole in Celias *boſome.*

THat lovely ſpot which thou doſt ſee
In Celias boſome was a Bee,
Who built her amorous ſpicy neſt
I'th Hyblas of her either breaſt,
But from cloſe Ivery Hyves, ſhe flew
To ſuck the Arromattick dew,
Which from the neighbour vale diſtils,
Which parts thoſe two twin-ſiſter hils,
There feaſting on Ambroſiall meat,
A rowling file of Balmy ſweat,
(As in ſoft murmurs before death,
Swan-like ſhe ſung) chokt up her breath,
So ſhe in water did expire,
More precious then the Phœnix fire;
Yet ſtill her ſhaddow there remaines
Confind to thoſe Elizian plaines;
With this ſtrict Law, that who ſhall lay
His bold lips on that milky way;
The ſweet, and ſmart, from thence ſhall bring
Of the Bees Honey, and her ſting.

An Hymeneall Song on the Nuptials of the Lady *Ann Wentworth*, and the Lord *Louelace*.

BReake not the ſlumbers of the Bride,
But let the Sunne in Triumph ride,
Scattering his beamy light,

When ſhe awakes, he ſhall reſigne
His rayes: And ſhe alone ſhall ſhine
in glory all the night.

For ſhe till day returne muſt keepe
An Amarous Vigill, and not ſleepe
Her fayre eyes in the dew of ſleepe.

Yet gently whiſper as ſhe lies,
And ſay her Lord waits her upriſe,
The Prieſts at the Altar ſtay,
With

With Flowry wreathes the Virgin crew
Attend while ſome with roſes ſtrew,
And Mirtles trim the way.

Now to the Temple, and the Prieſt,
See her convaid, thence to the Faſt;
Then back to bed, though not to reſt:

For now to crowne his faith and truth,
Wee muſt admit the noble youth,
To revell in Loves ſpheare.

To rule as chiefe Intelligence,
That Orbe and happy time diſpence,
To wretched Lovers here.

For the're exalted farre above,
All hope, feare, change, or they to move
The wheele that ſpins the fates of Love.

They know no night, nor glaring noone
Meaſure no houres of Sunne or Moone,
Nor mark times reſtleſſe Glaſſe.

Their kisses measure as they flow,
Minutes and there embraces show,
The howers as they passe.

Their Motions, the yeares Circle make,
And we from their conjunctions take,
Rules to make Love an Almanack.

A

A married Woman

WHen I ſhall marry, if I doe not find
A wife thus moulded, I le create this mind:
Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,
Beauty, or wit, ſhall ſhe derive a power
To prejudice my Right; but if ſhe be
A ſubject borne, ſhe ſhall be ſo to me:
As to the ſoule the fleſh, as Appetitite
To reaſon is, which ſhall our wils unite;
In habits ſo confirm'd, as no rough ſway
Shall once appeare, if ſhe but learne t obay.
For in habituall vertues, ſenſe is wrought
To that calme temper, as the bodie's thought
To have nor blood, nor gall, if wild and rude
Paſſions of Luſt, and Anger, are ſubdu'd;
When 'tis the faire obedience to the ſoule,
Doth in the birth thoſe ſwelling Acts controule.
If I in murder ſteepe my furious rage,
Or with Adultery my hot luſt aſſwage,

Will it ſuffice to ſay my ſenſe, the Beaſt
Provokt me to't, could I my ſoule deveſt,
My plea were good, Lyons, and Buls commit
Both freely but man muſt in judgement ſit,
And tame this Beaſt, for Adam was not free,
When in excuſe he ſaid, Eve gave it me:
Had he not eaten, ſhe perhaps had beene
Vnpuniſht, his conſent made hers a ſinne.

A divine Love.

1.

WHy ſhould dul Art, which is wiſe Natures Ape,
If ſhe produce a ſhape
So farre beyond all patternes, that of old,
Fell from her mold
As thine (admir'd Lucinda) not bring forth
An equall wonder, to expreſſe that worth
In ſome new way, that hath
Like her great worke, no print of vulgar path?

2.

Is it becauſe the rapes of Poetry,
Rifeling the ſpacious sky
Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,
Did thoſe diſpence
On ayrie creations that ſurpaſt
The reall workes of Nature, ſhe at laſt
To prove their raptures vaine,
Shew'd ſuch a light as Poets could not faine?

3. Or

3.

Or is it 'cauſe the factious wits did vie
With vaine Idolatry,
Whoſe Goddeſſe was ſupreame, and ſo had hurld
Sciſme through the world:
Whoſe Prieſt ſung ſweeteſt layes; thou didſt appeare
A glorious myſterie, ſo darke, ſo cleare,
As Nature did intend
All ſhould confeſſe, but none might comprehend?

4.

Perhaps all other beauties ſhare a light
Proportion'd to the ſight
Of weake mortality, ſcatt'ring ſuch looſe fires,
As ſtirre deſires,
And from the braine diſtill ſalt amorous rhumes,
Whilſt thy immortall flame ſuch droſſe conſumes,
And from the earthy mold
With purging fires ſevers the purer gold.

5.

If ſo, then why in Fames immortall ſcrowle,
Doe we their names inroule,
Whoſe eaſie hearts, and wanton eyes did ſweat,
With ſenſuall heate?
If Petrarkes unarm'd boſome catch a wound
From a light glance, muſt Laura be renown'd?
Or both a glory gaine;
He from ill-govern'd Love, ſhe from Disdaine.

6.

Shall he more fam'd in his great Art become,
For wilfull martyrdome?
Shall ſhe more title gaine, too chaſte and faire
Through his diſpaire.
Is Troy more noble 'cauſe to aſhes turn'd?
Then Virgin Cities that yet never burn'd?
Is fire when it conſumes
Temples, more fire, then when it melts perfumes?

7.

Cauſe Venus from the Ocean tooke her forme,
Muſt Love needs be a ſtorme:
Cauſe ſhe her wanton ſhrines in Iſlands reares,
Through leas of teares,
Ore Rocks, and Gulphs, with our owne ſighs for gale?
Muſt we to Cyprus, or to Paphos ſayle?
Can there no way be given,
But a true Hell that leads to her falſe Heaven.

Love

Loves Force.

IN the first ruder Age, when Love was wild,
Not yet by Lawes reclaim'd, not reconcil'd
To order, nor by Reason mann'd, but flew
Full-summ'd by Nature, on the instant view
Vpon the wings of Appetite, at all
The eye could faire, or sense delightfull call:
Election was not yet, but as their cheape
Food from the Oake, or the next Acorne-heape,
As water from the neareſt spring or brooke,
So men their undistinguisht females tooke
By chance, not choyce; but soone the heavenly sparke
That in mans bosome lurkt, broke through this darke
Confusion, then the noblest breast first felt
It selfe, for its owne proper object melt.

A Fancy.

MArke how this poliſht Eaſterne ſheet,
Doth with our Northerne tincture meet,
For though the paper ſeeme to ſinke,
Yet it receives, and bears the Inke;
And on her ſmooth ſoft brow theſe ſpots,
Seeme rather ornaments then blots;
Like thoſe you Ladies uſe to place
Myſteriouſly about your face:
Not only to ſet off and breake
Shaddowes and Eye beames, but to ſpeake
To the skild Lover, and relate
Vnheard, his ſad or happy Fate:
Nor doe their Characters delight,
As careleſſe workes of black and white:
But 'cauſe you underneath may find
A ſence that can enforme the mind;
Divine, or moral rules impart
Or Raptures of Poetick Art:
So what at firſt was only fit.
To fold up ſilkes, may wrap up wit.

Cœlum

Cœlum Brittanicum.

A

MASKE AT WHITE-HALL IN the Banquetting Houſe,

on *Shrove-Tuesday-night*,
the 18. of *February*,
1633.

The Inventors.

Tho. Carew. *Inigo Iones.*

Non habit ingenium; Cæſar *ſed juſſit*: *habebo*.
Cur me poſſe negem, poſſe quod ille putat.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Walkley*.
1642.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SCÆNE.

THe first thing that presented it selfe to the sight, was a rich Ornament, that enclosed the Scæne; in the upper part of which, were great branches of Foliage growing out of leaves and huskes, with a Coronice at the top; and in the midst was placed a large Compartiment composed of Groteske worke, wherein were Harpies with wings and Lyons clawes, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches: over all was a broken Frontispice, wrought with scrowles and masque heads of Children; and within this a Table adorn'd with a lesser Compartiment, with this Inscription, *COELVM BRITANNICVM*. The two sides of this Ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square Basement, and on the Plinth stood a great vaze of gold, richly enchased, and beautified with Sculptures of great Releine, with frutages hanging from the upper-part: At the foot of this sate two youths naked, in their naturall colours; each of these with one arme supported the Vaze; on the cover of which stood two young women in

Draperies, arme in arme; the one figuring th glory of Princes, and the other Manſuetude; thei other armes bore up an Ovall, in which, to the Kings Majeſty was this Impreſe, A Lyon with an Imperiall Crown on his head; the word *Animus ſub pectore forti*: On the other ſide was the like Compoſition, but the deſigne of the Figures varied; and in the Ovall on the top, being borne up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this Impreſe to the Queenes Majeſty, A Lilly growing with branches and leaves, and three leſſer Lillies ſpringing out of the ſtem; the Word, *Semper inclita Virtus*: All this Ornament was heightned with Gold, and for the Invention, and various compoſition was the neweſt and moſt gracious that hath beene done in this place.

The Curtaine was watchet, and a pale yellow in paines, which flying up on the ſudden, diſcovered the Scæne, repreſenting old Arches, old Palaces, decayed wals, parts of Temples, Theaters, Baſilita's and Therme, with confuſed heaps of broken Columnes, Baſes, Coronices and Statues, lying as under-ground, and altogether reſembling the ruines of ſome great Citie of the ancient Romans, or civiliz'd Brittains. This ſtrange proſpect detain'd the eyes of the Spectators ſometime, when to a loud Muſick *Mercury* deſcends; on the upper part of his Chariot ſtands a Cock in action of crowing: his habit was a Coat of flame colour girt to him, and a white Mantle trimm'd with

gold

gold and ſilver, upon his head a wreath with ſmal
fals of white Feathers, a Caduſeus in his hand, and
wings at his heels: being come to the ground he
diſmounts, and goes up to the State.

Mercury.

FRom the high Senate of the gods, to You
Bright glorious Twins of Love and Majeſty,
Before whoſe Throne three warlike Nations bend
Their willing knees, on whoſe Imperiall browes,
The Regall Circle prints no awfull frownes
To fright your Subjects, but whoſe calmer eyes
Shed joy and ſafety on their melting hearts
That flow with cheerfull loyall reverence,
Come my Cyllenius loves Ambaſſadour:
Not as of old, to whiſper amorous tales
Of wanton love, into the glowing eare
Of ſome choyce beauty in this numerous traine;
Thoſe dayes are fled, the rebell flame is quench'd
In heavenly breaſts, the gods have ſworne by Styx,
Never to tempt yeelding mortality
To looſe embraces. Your examplar life
Hath not alone tranſfus'd a zealous heat
Of imitation through your vertuous Court,
By whoſe bright blaze your Pallace is become
The envy'd patterne of this under-world,

But the aſpiring flame hath kindled heaven;
Th'immortall boſoms burne with emulous fires,
Iove rivals your great vertues, Royall Sir,
And Iuno, Madam, your attractive graces;
He his wild luſts, her raging jealouſies
She layes aſide, and through th'Olympique hall,
As yours doth here, their great Example ſpreads.
And though of old, when youthfull blood conſpir'd
With his new Empire, prone to heats of luſt,
He acted inceſts, rapes, adulteries
On earthly beauties, which his raging Queene,
Swolne with revengefull fury, turn'd to beaſts,
And in deſpight he transform'd to Stars,
Till hee had fill'd the crowded Firmament
With his looſe Strumpets, and their ſpurious race,
Where the eternall records of his ſhame
Shine to the world in flaming Characters;
When in the Chryſtall myrrour of your raigne
He view'd himſelfe, hee found his loathſome ſtaines;
And now to expiate the infectious guilt
Of thoſe deteſted luxuries hee'll chace
Th'infamous lights from their uſurped Spheare,
And drowne in the Lethean flood, their curs'd
Both names and memories, In whoſe vacant roomes,

First

First you ſucceed, and of the wheeling Orbe
In the moſt eminent and conſpicuous point,
With dazeling beames, and ſpreading magnitude,
Shine the bright Pole-ſtarre of this Hemiſpheare,
Next, by your ſide, in a triumphant Chaire,
And crown'd with Ariadnes Diadem,
Sits the faire Conſort of your heart, and Throne,
Diffus'd about you, with that ſhare of light
As they of vertue have deriv'd from you,
Hee'll fix this Noble traine, of either ſexe;
So to the Britiſh ſtars this lower Globe
Shall owe its light, and they alone diſpence
To'th world a pure refined influence.

Enter *Momus* attired in a long darkiſh Robe, all wrought over with ponyards, Serpents tongues, eyes and eares, his beard and haire party coloured, and upon his head a wreath ſtucke with Feathers, and a Porcupine in the forepart.

Momus.

BY your leave, Mortals. Gooden Cozen *Hermes*, your pardon good my Lord Ambaſſadour: I found the tables of your Armes and Titles

tles, in every Inne betwixt this and *Olympus*, where your present expedition is registred, your nine thousandth nine hundred ninety ninth Legation. I cannot reach the policy why your Master breeds so few States-men, it suits not with his dignity, that in the whole Empyræum there should not be a god fit to send on these honourable errands but your selfe, who are not yet so carefull of his honour as your owne, as might become your quality, when you are itinerant: the Hosts upon the high-way cry out with open mouth upon you for supporting pilfery in your traine; which, though as you are the god of petty Larcinry, you might protect, yet you know it is directly against the new orders, and oppose the Reformation in Diameter.

Merc. Peace Rayler, bridle your licentious tongue.
And let this Presence teach you modesty.

Mom. Let it if it can; in the meane time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know, (gay people) that though your Poets who enjoy by Patent a particular privilege to draw downe any of the Deities from Twelf-night till Shrove-tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar enter-course betweene the two Courts, have as yet never invited mee to these Solempities, yet it shall appear by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable Person upon these occasions, and may most properly assist at such enter-

entertainments. My name is *Momus ap-Somnus-ap-Erebus ap-Chaos-apDemorgorgon-ap-Eternity*. My Offices and Titles are, The Supreme Theomastix, Hupercrittique of manners, Protonotary of abuſes, Arch-Informer, Dilator Generall, Vniverſall Calumniator, Eternall Plaintiffe, and perpetuall Foreman of the Grand Inqueſt. My privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory, ſpeculatory, interrogatory, redargutory, immunity over all the privy lodgings, behind hangings, doores, curtaines, through key-holes, chinks, windowes, about all Veneriall Lobbies, Skonces, or Redoubts, though it bee to the ſurprize of a perdu Page or Chambermaid, in and at all Courts of civill and criminall judicature, all Councels, Conſultations, and Parliamentary Aſſemblies, where though I am but a Wool-ſack god, and have no vote in the ſanction of new lawes, I have yet a Prærogative of wreſting the old to any whatſoever interpretation, whether it be to the behoofe, or prejudice, of *Iupiter*, his Crowne and Dignity, for, or againſt the Rights of either houſe of Patrician or Plebeian gods. My naturall qualities are to make *Ioue* frowne, *Iuno* powt, *Mare* chafe, *Venus* bluſh, *Vulcan* glow, *Saturne* quake; *Cynthia* pale, *Phœbus* hide his face, and *Mercury* here take his heeles. My recreations are witty miſchiefes, as when *Saturne* guelt his Father; the

The Smith caught his wife and her *Bravo* in a net of Cobweb-Iron; and *Hebe*, through the lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the Halfpace, presented the Embleme of the forked tree, and discover'd to the tann'd Ethiops the snowie cliffs of Culabria with the Grotta of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me, by the familiar illustration of a Bird of mine own feather, old *Peter Aretine*, who reduc'd all the Scepters and Myters of that Age tributary to his wit, was my Parallell; and *Franke Rublais* suck'd much of my milke too; but your moderue French Hospitall of Oratory, is meere counterfeit, an arrant Mountebanke, for though fearing no other fortunes than his Sciatica; hee discourse of Kings and Queens with as little Reverence as of Grooms and Chambermaids, yet he wants their fangteeth, and Scorpions tayle; I meane that fellow, who to adde to his stature thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tiptoes like a Dog in a doublet, than to walke like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more impertinent Trifeler, you disturbe,
The great Affaire with your rude scurrilous chat.
What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concerne *Joves* solemne Message?

Mom. Sir, by your favour, though you have a more especiall Commission of employment from *Iupiter*, and a larger entertainment from his Exche-

Exchequer, yet as a freeborne God I have the liberty to travell at mine owne charges, without your passe or countenance Legacine; and that it may appeare a sedulous acute observer, may know as much as a dull flegmatique Ambassador, and weares a treble key to unlock the mysterious Cyphers of your darke secrecies, I will discourse the politique state of Heaven to this trim Audience.—

At this the Scæne changeth, and in the heaven is discovered a Sphear, with Stars placed in their severall Images; borne up by a huge naked Figure (only a peece of Drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards, as if the great weight lying on his shoulders oppresst him, upon his head a Crowne, by all which he might easily be knowne to be *Atlas*.

—You shall understand, that *Iupiter* upon the inspection of I know not what vertuous Presidents extant (as they say) here in this Court, but as I more probably gheese out of the consideration of the decay of his naturall abilities, hath before a frequent convocation of the Superlunary Peers in a solemne oration recanted, disclaymed, and utterly renounced all the lascivious extravagancies, & riotous enormities of his forepast licentious life, and taken his oath on *Ianus* Breviary, religiously kissing the two-leav'd Book, never to stretch his limbs more but wixt adulte-

rous

rous sheets, and hath with pathetical remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoyned a respective conformity in the severall subordinate Deities; and becaufe the Libertines of Antiquity, the Ribald Poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over chastity, to all future imitation, have in their immortall songs celebrated the martyrdom of those Strumpets under the persecution of the wives, and devolved to Posterity the Pedigrees of their whores, bawds, and bastards; it is therefore by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this whole Army of Constellations bee immediatly dis-banded and cashiered, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the Cælestiall Spirits, and all lust-full influences upon terrestriall bodies, and consequently that there be an Inquisition erected to expunge in the Ancient, and suppresse in the moderne and succeeding Poems and Pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those abjur'd hereſies, and to take particular notice of all ensuing Incontinences, and punish them in their high Commission Court. Am not I in election to be a tall States-man thinke you, that can repeat a passage at a Counsell-table thus punctually?

Merc. I shun in vaine the importunity,
With which this Snarler vexeth all the gods, *Iove*
cannot scape him: well, what else from heaven?

Mem. Heaven! Heaven is no more the place it was; a Cloyster of Carthusians, a Monastery of

converted gods; *Jove* is growne old and fearfull, apprehends a ſubverſion of his Empire, and doubts leſt Fate ſhould introduce a legal ſucceſſion in the legetimate heire, by repoſſeſſing the Titanian line, and hence ſprings all this innovation. Wee have had new orders read in the Preſence Chamber, by the Vi-Preſident of *Parnaſſus*, too ſtrict to be obſerved long, Monopolies are called in, ſophiſtication of wares puniſhed, and rates impoſed on commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly Beverage of a narcotique weed which hath rendred the Idæaes confus'd in the Divine intellects, and reducing it to the compoſition uſed in *Saturnes* Reigne. Edicts are made for the reſtoring of decayed houſe-keeping, prohibiting the repayre of Families to the Metropolis, but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more maſculine reſolution of ſolliciting buſineſſes in their own perſons, and caving their hus' ands at home for ſtallions of hoſpitality. *Bacchus* hath commanded all Taverns to be ſhut, and no liquor drawne after ten at night. *Cupid* muſt goe no more ſo ſcandalouſly naked, but is enjoyned to make him breeches, though of his mothers petticoats. *Ganimede* is forbidden the Bedchamber, and muſt onely Miniſter in publike. The gods muſt keepe no Pages, nor Groomes of their Chamber under the age of 25. and thoſe provided of a competent ſtocke of beard.

Pan

Pan may not pipe, not *Proteus* juggle, but by especiall permission. *Vulcan* was brought to an Oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of Iron into one of the Suns Chariot-wheels, and froſt-nailing his horſes upon the fifth of *November* laſt, for breach of a penal Statute, prohibiting work upon Holi-dayes, that being the annuall celebration of the Gygantomachy. In briefe, the whole ſtate of the Hierarchy ſuffers a totall reformation, eſpecially in the point of reciprocation of conjugall affection. *Venus* hath confeſt all her adulteries, and is receiv'd to grace by her husband, who conſcious of the great diſparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allowes thoſe levities as an equall counterpoize; but it is the prettieſt ſpectacle to ſee her ſtroaking with her Ivery hand his collied cheeks, and with her ſnowie fingers combing his ſooty beard. *Jupiter* too begins to learne to lead his owne wife, I left him practiſing in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an univerſall obedience, where the Lawgiver himſelfe in his owne perſon obſerves his degrees ſo punctually; who beſides, to eternize the memory of that great example of Matrimoniall union which he derives from hence, hath on his Bed-chamber doore, and ſeeling, fretted with ſtarres in capitall Letters, engraven the Inſcription of *CARLO-MARIA*. This is as much I am ſure as either your knowledge or Inſtructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, wit h-

out State, formality, politique inferences, or ſuſpected Rhetoricall elegancies, already delivered, you may now dexterioufly proceed to the ſecond part of your charge, which is the rakiug of your heavenly ſparks up in the Embers, or reducing the Etheriall lights to their primitive opacity, and groſſe darke ſubſiſtance; they are all unrivited from the Spheare, and hang looſe in their ſockets, where they but attend the waving of your Caduce, and immediatly they re-inveſt their priſtine ſhapes, and appeare before you in their owne naturall deformities.

Merc. Momus thou ſhalt prevaile, for ſince thy bold
Intruſion hath inverted my reſolves,
I muſt obey neceſſity, and thus turne
My face, to breath the thunders juſt decree
Gainſt this adulterate ſpheare, which firſt I purge
Of loathome Monſters, and miſ-ſhapen formes;
Downe from her azure concave, thus I charme
The Lyrnean Hydra, the rough unlick'd Beare?
The watchfull Dragon, the ſtorme-boading Whale,
The Centaur, the horn'd Goatfiſh Capricorne,
The Snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar:
Diveſted of your gorgeous ſtarry robes,
Fall from the circling Orbe, and e're you ſucke
Freſh venome in, meaſure this happy earth,
Then to the Fens, Caves, Forreſts, Deſarts, Seas,
Fly, and reſume your native qualities,

They dance in those monstrous shapes, the first Antimaske of naturall deformity.

Mom. Are not these fine companions, trim play fellowes for the Deities? yet these and their fellowes have made up all our conversation for some thousands of years. Doe not you faire Ladies acknowledge your selves deeply engaged now to those Poets your servants, that in the height of commendation have rais'd your beauties to a parallell with such exact proportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society. Hath not the consideration of these Inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? but now that these heavenly Mansions are to be void, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will become inexcusable; especially since vertue alone shall bee sufficient title, fine, and rent: yet if there be a Lady not competently stock'd that way, shee shall not on the instant utterly despair, if she carry a sufficient pawn of handsomenesse; for however the letter of the Law runs, *Jupiter* notwithstanding his Age and present austerity, will never refuse to stamp beauty, and make it currant with his own Impression; but to such as are destitute of both, I can afford but small encouragement. Proceed Cozen *Mercury*, what followes?

Merc. Look up, and marke where the bright Zodiack
Hangs like a Belt about the breast of heaven;

On the right ſhoulder, like a flaming Iewell,
His ſhell, with nine rich Topazes adorn'd,
Lord of this Tropique, ſits the ſkalding Crab;
He, when the Sunne gallops in full careere
His annuall race; his gaſtly clawes uprear'd,
Frights at the confines of the torrid Zone,
The fiery teame, and proudly ſtops their courſe,
Making a ſolſtice, till the fierce Steeds learne
His backward paces, and ſo retrogade
Poſte downe-hill to th' oppoſed Capricorne.
Thus I depoſe him from his laughty Throne,
Drop from the ſky, into the briny flood,
There teach thy motion to the ebbing Sea,
But let thoſe fires that beautifi'd thy ſhell
Take humane ſhapes, and the diſorder ſhew
Of thy regreſſive paces here below.

The ſecond Antimaſque is danc'd in retrograde paces, expreſſing obliquity in motion.

Mom. This Crab, I confeſſe, did ill become the heavens; but there is another that more infeſts the Earth, and makes ſuch a ſolſtice in the politer Arts and Sciences, as they have not been obſerved for many Ages to have made any ſenſible advance: could you but lead the learned ſqua-

drons with a masculine resolution past this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and to bee payed with Altars; but that not being the worke of this night, you may pursue your purposes: what now succeeds?

Merc. Vice, that unbodied, in the Appetite
Erects his Throne, hath yet, in bestiall shapes,
Branded, by Nature, with the Character
And distinct stampe of some peculiar Ill,
Mounted the Sky, and fix'd his Trophies there:
As fawning flattery in the little Dog;
Ith bigger, churlish Murmur; Cowardize
I'th timorous Hare; Ambition in the Eagle;
Rapine and Avarice in th'adventurous Ship
That sayl'd to Colchos for the golden fleece;
Drunken distemper in the Goblet flowes;
I'th Dart and Scorpion, biting Calumny;
In Hercules and the Lyon, furious rage;
Vaine Ostentation in Cassiope:
All these I to eternall exile doome,
But to this place their Emblem'd Vices summon,
Clad in those proper Figures, by which best
Their incorporeall nature is expresst.

The

The third Antimaſque is dane'd of theſe ſeverall vices, expreſsing the deviation from Vertue.

Mem. From hence forth it ſhall bee no more ſaid in the Proverbe, when you would expreſſe a riotous Aſſembly, That hell, but Heaven is broke looſe: this was an arrant Goale-delivery, all the Priſons of your great Cities could not have vomited more corrupt motter: but Cozen *Cyllenius*, in my judgement it is not ſafe that theſe infectious perſons ſhould wander here to the hazrad this Iland, they threatned leſſe danger when they were nayl'd to the Firmament: I ſhould conceive it a very diſcreet courſe, ſince they are provided of a tall veſſell of their owne ready rigg'd, to embarque them all together in that good ſhip called the Argo, and ſend them to the plantation in *New-England*, which hath purg'd more virulent humours from the politique body, then *Guacum* and all the Weſt-Indian drugs have from the naturall bodies of this Kingdome: Can you deviſe how to diſpoſe them better?

Merc, They cannot breath this pure and temperate
Ayre,
Where Vertue lives, but will with haſty flight,
Mongſt fogs and vapours, ſeeke unſound abodes,
Fly after them, from your uſurped ſeats,
You foule remainders of that viporous brood:

Lernoa Starre of luxurious race
With his loose blaze staine the skies chrystall face?

All the Stars are quench'd, and the Spheare darkened.

Before the entry of every Antimasque, the stars in those figures in the Spheare which they were to represent, were extinct; so as, by the end of the Antimasques in the Spheare no more Starres were seene.

Mom. Here is a totall Eclipse of the eighth Sphaere, which neither *Booker*, *Allestre*, nor any of your Prognosticators, no nor their great Master *Tico* were aware of; but yet in my opinion there were some innocent, and some generous Constellations, that might have been reserved for Noble uses: as the skales and Sword to adorne the statue of Iustice, since she resides here on earth only in Picture and Effigie. The Eagle had beene a fit present for the Germans, in regard their Bird hath mew'd most of her feathers lately. The Dolphin too had beene most welcome to the French, and then had you but clapt *Perseus* on his *Pegasus*, brandishing his sword, the Dragon yawning on his back under the horses feet, with *Pythen's* dart through his throat, there had beene a Divine St. *George* for this Nation: but, since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it now rests

rests only that we provide an immediate succession, and to that purpose I will instantly proclaim a free Election.

O yes, O yes, O yes,
By the Father of the gods,
and the King of men.

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practise taken into frequent use by the Princes of these latter Ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, sieges, battels, victories, in Picture, Sculpture, Tapistry, Embroyderies, and other manifactures, wherewith they have embellished their publike Palaces, and taken into Our more distinct and serious consideration, the particular Christmas, hanging of the Guard-Chamber of this Court, wherein the Navall Victory of 88. is to the eternall glory of this Nation exactly delineated; and wheras We likewise out of a propheticall imitation of this so laudable custome, did for many thousand years before, adorne and beautifie the eighth roome of Our caelestiall Mansion, commonly called the Star-chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, atchievements, feats and defeats, performed in Our Owne person, whilst yet Our Standard was erected, and We a Combattant in the Amorous warfare. It hath not withstanding, after mature deli-

beration, and long debate, held first in our owne inscrutable bosome, and afterwards communicated with Our Privie Councell seemed meet to Our Omnipotency, for causes to Our selfe best knowne, to unfurnish and dis-array Our fore-said Starre-Chamber of all those Ancient Constellations which have for so many Ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places, such Persons only as shall be qualified with exemplar Vertue and eminent Desert, there to shine in delible Characters of glory to all Posterity. It is therefore Our divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of our owne free and proper motion, meere grace and speciall favour, by these presents to specifie and declare to all our loving People, that it shall be lawfull for any Person whatsoever, that conceiveth him or her selfe to be really endued with any Heroicall Vertue, or transcendent Merit, worthy so high a calling and dignity, to bring their severall pleas and pretences before Our Right trusty and Wel-beloved Cozen, and Councellor, Don *Mercury*, and god *Momus*, &c. Our peculiar Delagates for that affair, upon whom We have transferr'd on absolute power to conclude, and determine without Appeale or Revocation, accordingly as to their wisedomes it shall in such cases appeare behovefull and expedient. Given at Our Palace in *Olympus* the first day of the first moneth, in the first yeare of the Reformation.

Plutus

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, ſpectacles on his noſe, with a buncht back, and attir'd in a Robe of Cloath of gold.

Plutus appeares.

Merc. Who's this appeares?

Mom. This is a ſubterranean Fiend, *Plutus* in this Dialect term'd Riches, or the god of Gold; a Poyſon hid by Providence in the botome of the Seas', and Navill of the Earth, from mans diſcovery, where if the ſeeds begunne to ſprout above-ground, the excreſcence was carefully guarded by Dragons; yet at laſt by humane curioſity brought to light, to their owne deſtruction; this being the true *Pandora's* box, whence iſſued all thoſe miſchiefes that now fill the Vniverſe.

Plut. That I prevent the meſſage of the gods
Thus with my haſte, and not attend their ſummons;
Which ought in Iuſtice call me to the place
I now require of Right, is not alone
To ſhew the juſt precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th'immortall Powers;

But

But to exclude the hope of partiall Grace
In all Pretenders, who, ſince I deſcend
To equall tryall, muſt by my example,
Waving your favour, clayme by ſole Deſert.
If Vertue muſt inherit, ſhee's my ſlave;
I lead her captive in a golden chayne,
About the world: She takes her Forme and Being
From my creation; and thoſe barren ſeeds
That drop from heaven, if I not cheriſh them
With my diſtilling dewes, and fotive heat,
They know no vegetation; but expos'd
To blaſting winds of freezing Poverty,
Or not ſhoot forth at all, or budding, wither:
Should I proclaime the daily ſacrifice
Brought to my Temples by the toyling rout,
Not of the fat and gore of abject Beaſts,
But humane ſweat, and blood powr'd on my Altars,
I might provoke the envy of the gods.
Turn but your eyes and marke the buſie world,
Climbing ſteepe Mountaines for the ſparkling ſtons,
Piercing the Center for the ſhining Ore,
And th'Oceans boſome to rake pearly ſands,
Croſſing the torrid and the frozen Zones,
Midſt Rocks and ſwallowing Gulfes, for gainfull trade,

And through oppoſing ſwords, fire, murdering Canon:
Skaling the walled Townes for precious ſpoyles.
Plant in the paſſage to your heavenly ſeats,
Theſe horrid dangers, and then ſee who dares
Advance his deſperate foot : yet am I ſought,
And oft in vaine, through theſe, and greater hazards,
I could diſcover how your Deities
Are for my ſake ſleighted, deſpis'd, abus'd,
Your Temples, Shrines, Altars, and Images
Vncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and diſ-array'd
By ſacrilegious hands: yet is this treaſure
To th'golden Mountaine, where I ſit ador'd
With ſuperſtitious ſolemne rights convay'd,
And becomes ſacred there, the ſordid wretch
Not daring touch the conſecrated Ore,
Or with prophane hands leſſen the bright heape:
But this might draw your anger downe on mortals
For rendring me the homage due to you:
Yet what is ſaid may well expreſſe my power
Too great for Earth, and only fit for Heaven.
Now, for your paſtime, view the naked root,
Which in the dirty earth, and baſe mould drown'd,
Sends forth this precious Plant, and golden fruit.
You luſty Swaines, that to your grazing flocks

Pipe

Pipe amorous Roundelayes; you toyling Hinds,
That harbe the fields, and to your merry Teames
Whistle your passions; and you mining Moles,
That in the bowels of your mother-Earth
Dwell the eternall burthen of her wombe,
Ceasse from your labours, when Wealth bids you play,
Sing, dance, and keep a cheerfull holy-day.

They dance the fourth Antimasque, consisting of Countrey, people, musicke and measures.

Merc. Plutus, the gods know and confesse your power
Which feeble Vertue seldome can resist;
Stronger then Towers of brasse, or Chastity;
Iove knew you when he courted Danae,
And Cupid weares you on that Arrowes head
That still prevailes. But the gods keepe their Throne
To enstall Vertue, not her Enamies,
They dread thy force, which even themselves have felt
Witnesse Mount-Ida, where the Martiall Maid,
And frowning Iuno, did to mortall eyes
Naked, for gold, their sacred bodies show,
Therefore for ever be from heaven banish'd.

But ſince with toyle from undiſcover'd Worlds
Thou art brought hither, where thou firſt didſt breath
The thirſt of Empire, into Regall breaſts,
And frightedſt quiet Peace from her meek Throne,
Filling the world with tumult, blood, and warre,
Follow the Camps of the contentious earth,
And be the Conqu'rers ſlave, but he that can
Or conquer thee, or give thee Vertuous ſtampe,
Shall ſhine in heaven a pure immortall Lampe.

Mom. Nay ſtay, and take my benediction along with you. I could, being here a Co-Iudge, like others in my place, now that you are condemn'd, either rayle at you, or breake jeſts upon you, but I rather chuſe to leſe a word of good counſell, and entreat you be more carefull in your choyſe of company, for you are alwayes found either with Miſers, that not uſe you at all; or with fooles, that know not how to uſe you well: Be not hereafter ſo reſerv'd and coy to men of worth and parts, and ſo you ſhall gaine ſuch credit, as at the next Seſſions you may be heard with better ſucceſſe. But till you are thus reform'd, I pronounce this poſitive ſentence, That whereſoever you ſhall chuſe to abide, your ſociety ſhall adde no credit or reputation, to the party, nor your diſcontinuance,

to

or totall absence, be matter of disparagement to any man; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemn'd to weare perpetuall Motley, unlesse he recant his opinion. Now you may voyd the Court.

Penia enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her haire started up like a fury, her Robe was of a dark colour ful of patches, about one of her hands was tide a chaine of Iron, to which was fastned a weighty stone, which she bore up under her arme.

Penia enters.

Merc. What Creature's this?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other, they move like Two Buckets, or as two nayles drive out one another; If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt (Great and Immortal Powers) But that the place, your wisedome hath deny'd My foe, your Iustice will conferre on me; Since that which renders him incapable, Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend, Even in these rags, a larger Soveraignty Then gaudy Wealth in all his pompe can boast; For marke how few they are that share the World;

The

The numerous Armies, and the ſwarming Ants
That fight and toyle for them, are all my Subjects,
They take my wages, weare my Livery:
Invention too and Wit, are both my creatures,
And the whole race of Vertue is my Off-ſpring;
As many miſchiefes iſſue from my wombe,
And thoſe as mighty, as proceed from gold.
Oft o're his Throne I wave my awfull Scepter,
And in the bowels of his ſtate command,
When 'midſt his heapes of coyne, and hils of gold,
I pine, and ſtarve the avaritious Foole.
But I decline thoſe titles, and lay claime
To heaven, by right of Divine contemplation;
She is my Darling, I, in my ſoft lap,
Free from diſturbing cares, bargaines, accounts,
Leaſes, Rents, Stewards, and the feare of theeves,
That vex the rich, nurſe her in calme repoſe,
And with her, all the Vertues ſpeculative,
Which, but with me, find no ſecure retreat.
For entertainment of this houre, Ile call
A race of people to this place, that live
At Natures charge, and not importune heaven
To chayne the winds up, or keepe back the ſtormes,
To ſtay the thunder, or forbid the hayle

I. thresh the unreap'd eare; but to all weathers,
[illegible] chilling frost, and scalding Sunne, expose
Their equall face. Come forth, my swarthy traine,
In this faire circle dance, and as you more,
Marke, and foretell happy events of Love.

They dance the fifth Antimasque of Gypsies.

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your perpetuall conversation with Poets and Philosophers hath furnished you with no more Logick, or that you should thinke to impose upon us so grosse an inference, as because *Plutus* and you are contrary, therefore whatsoever is denyed of the one, must be true of the other; as if it should follow of necessity, because hee is not *Iupiter*, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the gods, then to swallow such a fallacy, for though you two cannot be together in one place, yet there are many places that may bee without you both, and such is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive: therefore let me advise you to marry your selfe to Content, and beget sage Apothegmes, and goodly morall Sentences in dispraise of Riches, and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou dost presume too much, poore needy wretch,
To claime a station in the Firmament,
Because thy humble Cottage, or thy Tub
Nurses some lazie or Pedantique vertue
In the cheape Sun-shine, or by shady springs
With roots and pot-hearbs, where thy right hand,
Tearing those humane passions from the mind,
Vpon whose stocks faire blooming vertues flourish,
Degradeth Nature, and benummeth sense,
And Gorgon-like, turnes active men to stone.
Wee not require the dull society
Of your necessitated Temperance,
Or that unnaturall stupidity
That knowes nor joy nor sorrow; nor your forc'd
Fallsly exalted passive Fortitude
Above the Active: This low abject brood,
That fix their seats in mediocrity,
Become your servile minds; but we advance
Such vertues only as admit excesse,
Brave bounteous Acts, Regall Magnificence,
All-seeing Prudence, Magnanimity
That knowes no bound, and that Heroick vertue

For which Antiquity hath left no name,
But patternes only, such as Hercules,
Achilles, Theseus. Back to thy loath'd cell,
And when thou seest the new enlightned Spheare,
Study to know but what those Worthies were.

Tiche enters, her head bald behind, and one great locke before, wings at her shoulders, and in her hand a wheele, her upper parts naked, and the skirt of her Garment wrought all over with Crownes, Scepters, Bookes, and such other things as expresse both her greatest and smallest gifts.

Mom. See where Dame *Fortune* comes, you may know her by her wheele, and that vayle over her eyes, with which she hopes like a seel'd Pigeon to mount above the Clouds, and pearch in the eighth Spheare: listen, shee begins.

Fort. I come not here (you gods) to plead the Right,
By which Antiquity assign'd my Deity,
Though no peculiar station 'mongst the Stars,
Yet generall power to rule their influence,
Or boast the Title of Omnipotent,
Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Iove,
Since you have cancell'd all those old Records:
But confident in my good cause and merit,

Claime

Claime a ſucceſſion in the vacant Orbe,
For ſince *Aſtræa* fled to heaven, I ſit
Her Deputy on Earth, I hold her skales
And weigh mens Faces out, who have made me blind,
Becauſe themſelves want eyes to ſee my cauſes,
Call me inconſtant, 'cauſe my workes ſurpaſſe
The ſhallow fathom of their humane reaſon;
Yet here, like blinded Iuſtice, I diſpence
With my impartiall hands, their conſtant lots,
And if deſertleſſe, impious men engroſſe
My beſt rewards, the fault is yours, you gods,
That ſcant your graces to mortality,
And niggards of your good, ſcarce ſpare the world
One vertuous, for a thouſand wicked men;
It is no errour to conferre dignity,
But to beſtow it on a vicious man;
I gave the dignity, but you made the vice,
Make you men good, and Ile make good men happy:
That Plutus is refus'd, diſmayes me not,
Hee is my Drudge, and the externall pompe,
In which hee decks the World, proceeds from me,
Not him; like Harmony, that not reſides
In ſtrings, or notes, but in the hand and voyce,
The revolutions of Empires, States,

Scepters, and Crownes, are but my game and ſport,
Which as they hang on on the events of Warre,
So thoſe depend upon my turning wheele.
You warlike Squadrons, who in battels joyn'd,
Diſpute the Right of Kings, which I decide,
Preſent the model lof that martiall frame,
By which, when Crownes are ſtak'd, I rule the game.

They dance the ſixth Antimaſque, being the repreſentation of a Battell.

Mom. Madam, I ſhould cenſure you, *pro falſo clamore*, for preferring a ſcandalous croſſe-bill of recrimination againſt the gods, but your blindneſſe ſhall excuſe you. Alas! what would it advantage you, if vertue were as univerſall as vice is? it would only follow, that as the world now exclaimes upon you for exalting the vicious, it would then raile as faſt at you for depreſſing the vertuous; ſo they would ſtill keepe their tune, though you chang'd their Ditty.

Merc. The miſts, in which future events are wrap'd
That oft ſucceed beſide the purpoſes
Of him that workes, his dull eyes not diſcerning
The firſt great cauſe, offer'd thy clouded ſhape
To his enquiring ſearch; ſo in the darke

The

The groping world first found the Deity,
And gave thee rule over contingencies,
Which, to the piercing eye of Providence,
Being fix'd and certaine, where past and to come,
Are alwayes present, thou dost dis-appeare,
Losest they being, and art not all.
Be thou then only a deluding Phantome,
At best a blind guide, leading blinder fooles;
Who, would they but survay their mutuall w ants,
And helpe each other, there were left no roome
For thy vaine ayd. Wisedome, whose strong-built plots
Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power.
Industrious labour drags thee by the locks,
Bound to his toyling Car, and not attending
Till thou dispence, reaches his owne reward.
Only the lazie sluggard yawning lyes
Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
And licks the easie hand that feeds his sloath,
The shallow, rash, and unadvised man
Makes thee his stale, disburdens all the follies
Of his mis-guided actions, on thy shoulders.
Vanish from hence, and seeke those Ideots out
That thy fantasticke god-head hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

Hedone. Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling face, in a light lascivious habit, adorn'd with silver and gold, her Temples crown'd with a Garland of Roses, and over that a Rainbow circling her head downe to her shoulders.

Hedone enters.

Merc. What wanton's this?

Mom. This is the sprightly Lady *Hedone*, a merry Gamester, this people call her Pleasure.

Plea. The reasons (equall Iudges) here alleag'd
By the dismist Pretenders, all concurre
To strengthen my just title to the Spheare.
Honour, or Wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themselves no simple reall good,
But as they are the meanes to purchase pleasure;
The paths that lead to my delicious Palace;
They for my sake, I for mine owne am priz'd.
Beyond me nothing is, I am the Goale,
The Iourneyes end, to which the sweating world,
And wearied Nature travels. For this, the best
And wisest sect of all Philosophers,
Made me the seat of supreme happinesse,
And though some, more austere, upon my ruines
Did to the prejudice of Nature, raise

Some

Some petty low-built vertues, 'twas because
They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch.
Had they beene Princes borne, themselves had prov'd
Of all mankind the most luxurious.
For those delights, which to their low condition
Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
Suck'd and devour'd: from offices of State,
From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, feares
Retir'd, the churlish Cynicke in his Tub
Enjoy'd those pleasures which his tongue defam'd.
Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods;
My necessary offices preserve
Each single man, and propagate the kind.
Then am I universall as the light,
Or common Ayre we breath; and since I am
The generall desire of all mankind,
Civill Felicity must reside in me.
Tell me what rate my choycest pleasures beare,
When for the short delight of a poore draught
Of cheape cold water, great Lysimachus
Rendred himselfe slave to the Scythians.
Should I the curious structure of my seats,
The art and beauty of my severall objects,
Rehearse at large, your bounties would reserve

For every sense a proper constellation;
But I present the Persons to your eyes.
Come forth my subtle Organs of delight,
With changing figures please the curious eye,
And charme the eare with moving Harmony.

They dance the seventh Antimasque of the five senses.

Merc. Bewitching Syren, guilded rottennesse,
Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd
Th' enamel'd out-side, and the honied verge
Of the faire cup, where deadly poyson lurks.
Within, a thousand sorrowes dance the round;
And like a shell, Paine circles thee without,
Griefe is the shaddow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joyes ginne tow'rds their West decline,
Doth to a Gyants spreading forme extend
Thy Dwarfish stature. Thou thy selfe art Paine,
Greedy intense Desire, and the keene edge
Of thy fierce Appetite, oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread; but still the terrour
And apprehension of thy hasty end,

Mingles with Gall thy moſt refined ſweets;
Yet thy Cyrcæan charmes transforme the world.
Captaines, that have reſiſted warre and death,
Nations, that over Fortune have triumph'd,
Are by thy Magick made effeminate.
Empires, that knew no limits but the Poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
Thou wert the Author of the firſt exceſſe
That drew this reformation on the gods.
Canſt thou then dreame, thoſe Powers, that from heaven (have
Baniſh'd th' effect, will there enthrone th' cauſe?
To thy voluptuous Denne, fly Witch from hence,
There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutiſh ſenſe.

Mom. I concurre, and am growne ſo weary of the ſe tedious pleadings, as Ile packe up too and be gone: Beſides, I ſee a crowd of other ſuitors preſſing hither, I'le ſtop 'em, take their petitions and preferre 'em above; and as I came in bluntly without knocking, and no body bid me welcome; ſo Ile depart as abruptly without taking leave, and bid no body fare-well.

Merc. Theſe, with fore'd reaſons, and ſtrain'd argu-
ments,
Vrge vaine pretences, whilſt your Actions plead.

And

And with a silent importunity
Awake the drousie Iustice of the gods
To crowne your deeds with immortality.
The growing Titles of your Ancestors,
These Nations glorious Acts, joyn'd to the stocke
Of your owne Royall vertues, and the cleare
Reflexe they take from th'imitation
Of your fam'd Court, make Honours story full,
And have to that secure fix'd state advanc'd
Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
Wading through streames of blood, sweats to aspire.
Those ancient Worthies of these famous Isles,
That long have slept, in fresh and lively shapes
Shall strait appeare, where you shall see your selfe
Circled with moderne Heroes, who shall be
In Act, what ever elder times can boast,
Noble, or Great; as they in Prophesie
Were all but what you are. Then shall you see
The sacred hand of bright Eternity
Mould you to Stars, and fixe you in the Spheare,
To you, your Royall halfe, to them shee'll joyne
Such of this traine, as with industrious steps
In the faire prints your vertuous feet have made,
Though with unequall paces, follow you.

This

This is decreed by Iove, which my returne
Shall ſee perform'd, but firſt behold the rude
And old Abiders here, and in them view
The point from which your full perfections grew,
You naked, ancient, wild Inhabitants,
That breath'd this Ayre, and preſt this flowry Earth,
Come from thoſe ſhades where dwels eternall night,
And ſee what wonders Time hath brought to light.

Atlas, and the Sphæare vaniſheth, and a new Scæne appeares of mountaines, whoſe eminent height exceed the Clouds which paſt beneath them, the lower parts were wild and woody: out of this place comes forth a more grave Antimaſque of Picts, the naturall Inhabitants of this Iſle, ancient Scots and Iriſh, theſe dance a Perica or Martiall dance.

When this Antimaſque was paſt, there began to ariſe out of the earth the top of a hill, which by little and little grew to bee a huge mountaine that covered all the Scæne; the under part of this was wild and craggy, and above ſomewhat more pleaſant and flouriſhing: about the middle part of this Mountaine were ſeated the three Kingdomes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*; all richly attired in regall habits, appropriated to the ſeverall Nations, with Crowns on their heads, & each of them bearing the ancient Armes of the king-

kingdo ms they there presented: At a distance above these sate a youug man in a white emproydered robe, upon his faire hair an Olive Garland, with wings at his shoulders, and holding in his hand a Cornucopia fill'd with corne and fruits, representing the Genius of these kingdomes.

The first Song.

GENIVS.

Raise from these rockie cliffs, your heads,
Brave Sonnes, and see where Glory spreads
Her glittering wings, where Majesty
Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her eye
Diffusive joy, where good and Faire,
Vnited sit in Honours Chayre.
Call forth your aged Priests, and chrystall streams.
To warme their hearts, and waves in these bright beames.

KINGDOMES.

1. *From your consecrated woods.*
Holy Druids. 2. *Silver floods,*

From

From your channels fring'd with flowers,
3. *Hither move; forsake your bowers*
1. *Strew'd with hallowed Oaken leaves,*
Deck'd with flags and sedgie sheaves,
And behold a wonder. 3. *Say,*
What doe your duller eyes survay?

CHORVS of DRVIDS and RIVERS.

We see at once in dead of night
A Sunne appeare, and yet a bright
Noone-day, springing from Star-light.

GENIVS.

Looke up, and see the darkened Spheare
Depriv'd of light, her eyes shine there;

CHORVS.

These are more sparkling then those were.

KINGDOMES.

1. *These shed a nobler influence,*
2. *These by a pure intelligence*

Of

Of more transcendent Vertue move,
3. *These first feele, then kindle Iove,*
1.2. *From the bosomes they inspire,*
These receive a mutuall fire;
1.2.3. *And where their flames impure returne,*
These can quench as well as burne.

GENIVS.

Here the faire victorious eyes
Make worth only Beauties prize,
Here the hand of Vertue tyes
'Bout the heart Jove's amorous chaine,
Captives tryumph, Vassals reigne,
And none live here but the slaine.

These ase th' Hisperian bowers, whose faire trees beare
Rich golden fruit, and yet no Dragon neare.
thostity the Dragon is

GENIVS.

Then, from your impris'ning wombs,
Which is the cradle and the tombe
Of Brittish Worthies (faire sonnes) send
A troope of Heroes, that may lend
Their hands to ease this loaden grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of Love.

KING.

KINGDOMES.

1.2.3. *Open thy ſtony Entrailes wide,*
And breake old Atlas, *that the pride*
Of three fam'd kingdomes may be ſpy'd.

CHORVS.

Pace forth thou mighty Britiſh Hercules,
With thy choyce band, for only thou and theſe,
May revell here, in Loves Heſperides.

At this the under-part of the Rocke opens, and out of a Cave are ſeene to come the Maſquers richly attyred like ancient Heroes, the Colours yellow, embroydered with ſilver, their antique Helmes curiouſly wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troope of young Lords and Noble-mens ſonnes, bearing Torches of Virgin-wax, theſe were apparelled after the old Brittiſh faſhion in white Coats, embroydered with ſilver, girt, and full gathered, cut ſquare coller'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about them; firſt theſe dance with their lights in their hands: After which, the Maſquers deſcend into the roome, and dance their entry.

The dance being paſt, there appeares in the further part of the heaven comming downe a pleaſant

Pleasant Cloud, bright and transparant, which comming softly downe-wards before the upper part of the mountaine, embraceth the Genius, but so as through it all his body is seene; and then rising againe with a gentle motion beares up the Genius of the three kingdomes, and being past the Airy Region, pierceth the heavens and is no more seene: At that instant the Rocke with the three kingdomes on it sinkes, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration, but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height could come from under the Stage, which was but six foot high.

The second Song.

KINGDOMES.

1. *HEre are shapes form'd fit for heaven,*
2. *Those move gracefully and even,*
3. *Here the Ayre and paces meet*
So just, as if the skilfull feet
Had strok the Vials. 1.2.3. *So the Eare*
Might the tunefull footing hear.

CHO.

CHORVS.

And had the Muſicke ſilent beene,
The eye a moving time had ſeene.

GENIVS.

Theſe muſt in the unpeopled skie
Succeed, and governe Deſtinie,
Iove is temp'ring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attire
Theſe glorious lights. I muſt aſcend
And helpe the Worke.

KINGDOMES.

1. *VVe cannot lend*
Heaven ſo much treaſure. 2. *Nor that pay*
But rendring what it takes away.
VVhy ſhould they that hete can more
So well, be ever-fix'd above?

CHORVS.

Or be to one eternall poſture ty'd,
That can into ſuch various figures ſlide.

GENIVS.

Iove shall not, to enrich the Skie,
Beggar the Earth, their Fame shall fly
From hence alone, and in the sheare
Kindle new Starres, whilst they rest here.

KINGDOMES.

1.2.3. *How can the shafts stay in the quiver,*
Yet hit the marke?

GENIVS.

Did not the River
Eridanus, *the grace acquire*
In Heaven and Earth to flow,
Above in streames of golden fire,
In silver waves below?

KINGDOMES.

1.2.3. *But shall not we, now thou art gone*
Who wert our Nature, wither,
Or breake that triple Vnion
Which thy soule held together?

GE-

GENIVS.

In Concords pure immortall spring
I will my force renew,
And a more active Vertue bring
At my returne. Adieu.

KINGDOMES adieu, CHORVS adieu.

The Masquers dance their maine dance; which done, the Scæne againe is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, cleane differing from all the other the nearest part shewing a delicious Garden with severall walkes and perterra's set round with low trees, and on the sides against these walkes, were fountaines and grotes. and in the furthest part a Palace, from whence went high walkes upon Arches, and above them open Terraces planted with Cypresse trees, and all this together was composed of such Ornaments as might expresse a Princely Villa.

From hence the *Chorus* descending into the roome, goes up to the State.

The third Song.

By the *Chorus*. going up to the Queene.

VVHilſt thus the Darlings of the gods
From Honours Temple, to the ſhrine
Of beauty, and theſe ſweet abodes
Of Love we guide, let thy Divine
Aſpects (Bright Deity) with faire
And Halcyon beames, becalme the Ayre.

VVee bring Prince Arthur, *or the brave*
St. *George himſelfe (great Queene) to you,*
You'll ſoone diſcerne him; and we have
A Guy, *a* Beavis, *or ſome true*
Round Table Knight, as ever-fought
For Lady, to each Beauty brought.

Plant in their Martiall hands, War's ſeat,
Your peacefull pledges of warme ſnow,
And, if a ſpeaking touch, repeat
In Loves knowne language, tales of woe;
Say, in ſoft whiſpers of the Palme,
As eyes ſhoot darts, ſo Lips ſhed Balme.

For though you ſeeme like Captives, led
In triumph by the Foe away,

Yet on the Conqu'rers necke you tread,
And the fierce Victor proves your prey,
What heart is then secure from you,
That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?

The Song done they retire, and the Masquers dance the Revels with the Ladies, which continued a great part of the night.

The Revels being past, and the Kings Majestie seated under the State by the Queene; for conclusion to this Masque there appeares comming forth from one of the sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great cloud, which arriving at the middle of the heaven, stayeth; this was of severall colours, and so great, that it covered the whole Scæne. Out of the further part of the heaven begins to breake forth two other clouds, differing in colour and shape; and being fully discovered, there appeared sitting in one of them, Religion, Truth, and Wisedome. Religion was apparelled in white, and part of her face was covered with a light vaile, in one hand a Booke, and in the other a flame of fire. Truth in a Watchet Robe, a Sunne upon her fore-head, and bearing in her hand a Palme. Wisedome in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands, golden rayes about her head, and *Apollo's* Cithera in her hand. In the other cloud sate Concord, Government, and Reputation. The habit of Concord was Carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of sticks bound together, and on the top of it a Hart, and a Garland of corne on

her head: Government was figured in a coat of Armour, bearing a ſhield; and on it a *Meduſa's* head; upon her head a plumed helme, and in her right hand a lance. Reputation, a young man in a purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurell wreath on his head. Theſe being come downe in an equall diſtance to the middle part of the Ayre, the great Cloud began to breake open, out of which ſtroke beames of light; in the midſt ſuſpended in the Ayre, ſate Eternity on a Globe, his Garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all over with ſtarrs of gold, and bearing in his hand a Serpent bent into a circle, with his tayle in his mouth. In the firmament about him, was a troope of fifteene ſtars, expreſſing the ſtellifying of our Brittiſh Heroes, but one more great and eminent than the reſt, which was over his head, figured his Majeſtie. And in the lower part was ſeene a farre off the proſpect of *Windſor* Caſtle, the famous ſeat of the moſt honourable Order of the Garter.

THE

The fourth Song.

Eternity, Eusebia, Alethia, Sophia Homononia, Dicæarche, Euphemia.

ETERNITIE.

BEe fixd you rapid Orbes, that beare
The changing seasons of the yeare
On your swift wings and see the old
Decrepit spheares growne darke and cold;
Nor did Iove *quench her fires, these bright*
Flames, have eclips'd her sullen light:
This Royall Payre, for whom Fate will
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still;
Since Good is here so perfect, as no Worth
Is left for After-Ages to bring forth.

EVSEBIA.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeale, the gods adore.

ALETHIA.

My Truths. from humane eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

SOPHIA.

Nor as their actions, from the guide
Of my exacteſt precepts ſlide.

HOMONOIA.

And as their owne pure Soules entwin'd,
So are their Subjects hearts combin'd.

DICÆARCHE.

So juſt, ſo gentle is their ſway,
As it ſeemes Empire to obey.

EVPHEMIA.

And their faire Fame, like incenſe hurl'd
On Altars, hath perfum'd the world.

SO. *Wiſedome.* AL. *Truth.* EVS. *Pure Adoration.*

HO. *Concord.* DI. *Rule* EVP. *Cleare Reputation.*

CHORVS.

Crowne this King, this Queene, this Nation.

CHORVS.

Wiſedome, Truth, &c.

ETER-

ETERNITIE.

Brave Spirits, whoſe adventrous feet
Have to the Mountaines top aſpir'd,
Where faire Deſert, and Honour meet,
Here, from the toyling Preſſe retyr'd,
Secure from all diſturbing Evill,
For ever in my Temple revell.

With wreathes of ſtars circled about,
Guild all the ſpacious Firmament,
And ſmiling on the panting Rout
That labour in the ſteep aſcent,
With your reſiſtleſſe influence guide
Of humane change th'incertaine tide.

EVS. ALE. SOP.

But oh you Royall Turtles, ſhed,
When you from Earth remove,
On the ripe fruits of your chaſte bed,
Thoſe ſacred ſeeds of love.

CHORVS.

Which no Power can but yours diſpence,
Since you the patterns beare from hence.

HOM. DIC. EVP.

Then from your fruitfull race shall flow
Endlesse succession,
So peers shall bud, and Laurels blow
About their Immortall Throne.

CHORVS.

Propitious stars shall crown each birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the Earth.

The Song ended, the two clouds, with the person sitting on them, ascend; the great cloud closeth againe, and so passeth away overthwart the Scæne; leaving behind it nothing but a serene sky. After which the Masquers dance their last dance, and the curtaine was let fall.

THE

The Names of the Masquers.

The Kings Majesty.

Duke of Lenox.
Earle of Devonshire.
Earle of Holland.
Earle of Newport,
Earle of Elgin.
Viscount Grandeson,
Lord Rich.
Lord Feilding.
Lord Digby.
Lord Dungarvin.
Lord Dunluce.
Lord Wharton.
Lord Paget.
Lord Saltine.

The names of the young Lords and Noblemens Sonnes.

Lord Walden.
Lord Cranborne,
Lord Brackley.
Lord Shandos,
Mr. William Herbert.
Mr. Thomas Howard
Mr. Thomas Egerton.
Mr. Charles Cavendish
Mr. Robert Howard.
Mr. Henry Spencer.

FINIS.

The Songs and Dialogues of this Booke were ſet with apt Tunes to them, by Mr. *Henry Lawes*, one of His Majeſties Muſicians.

Gmpt R 28 G